

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

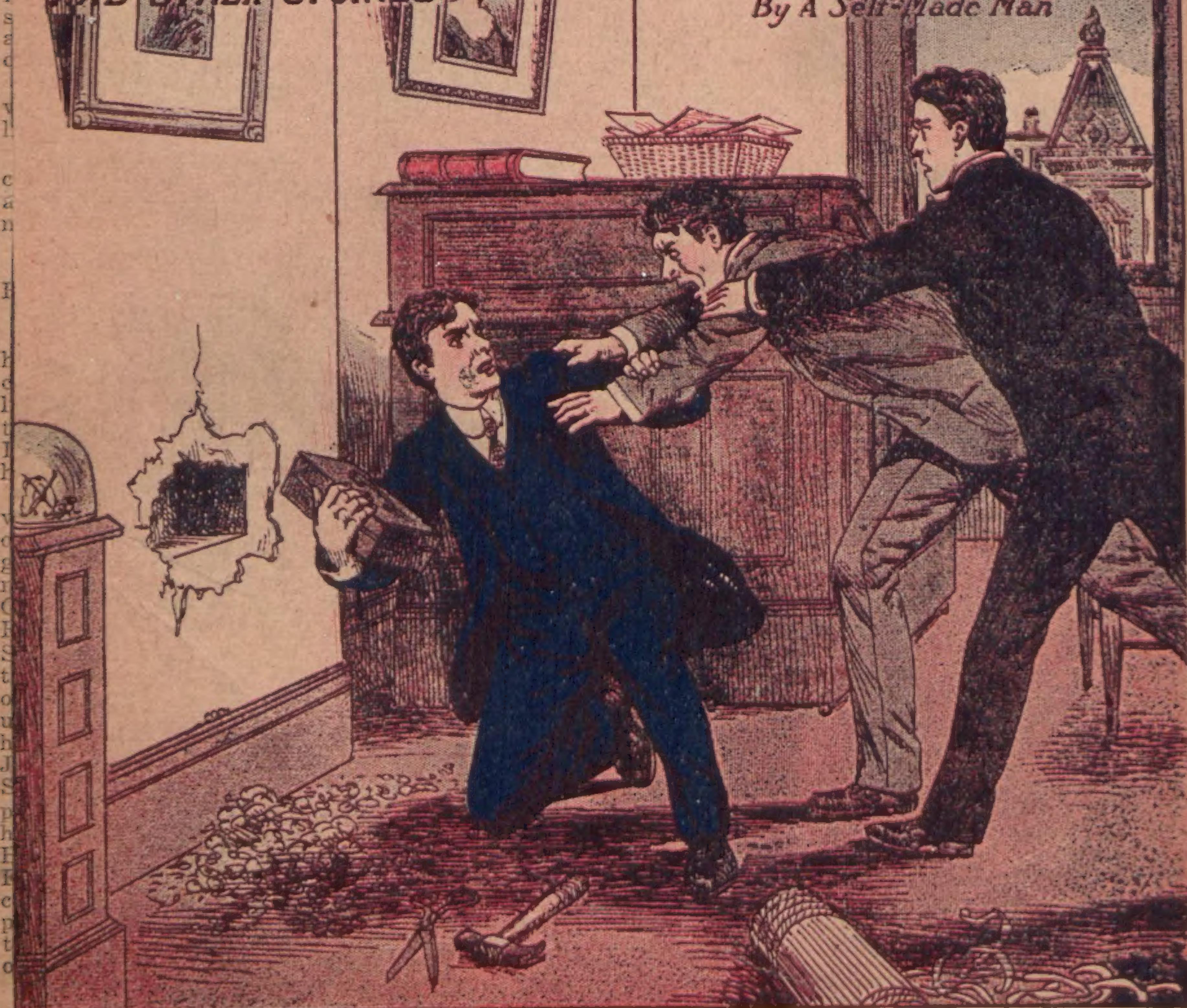
STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

THE OLD TRADER'S LEGACY
AND WHAT HIS OFFICE BOY DID WITH IT

AND OTHER STORIES

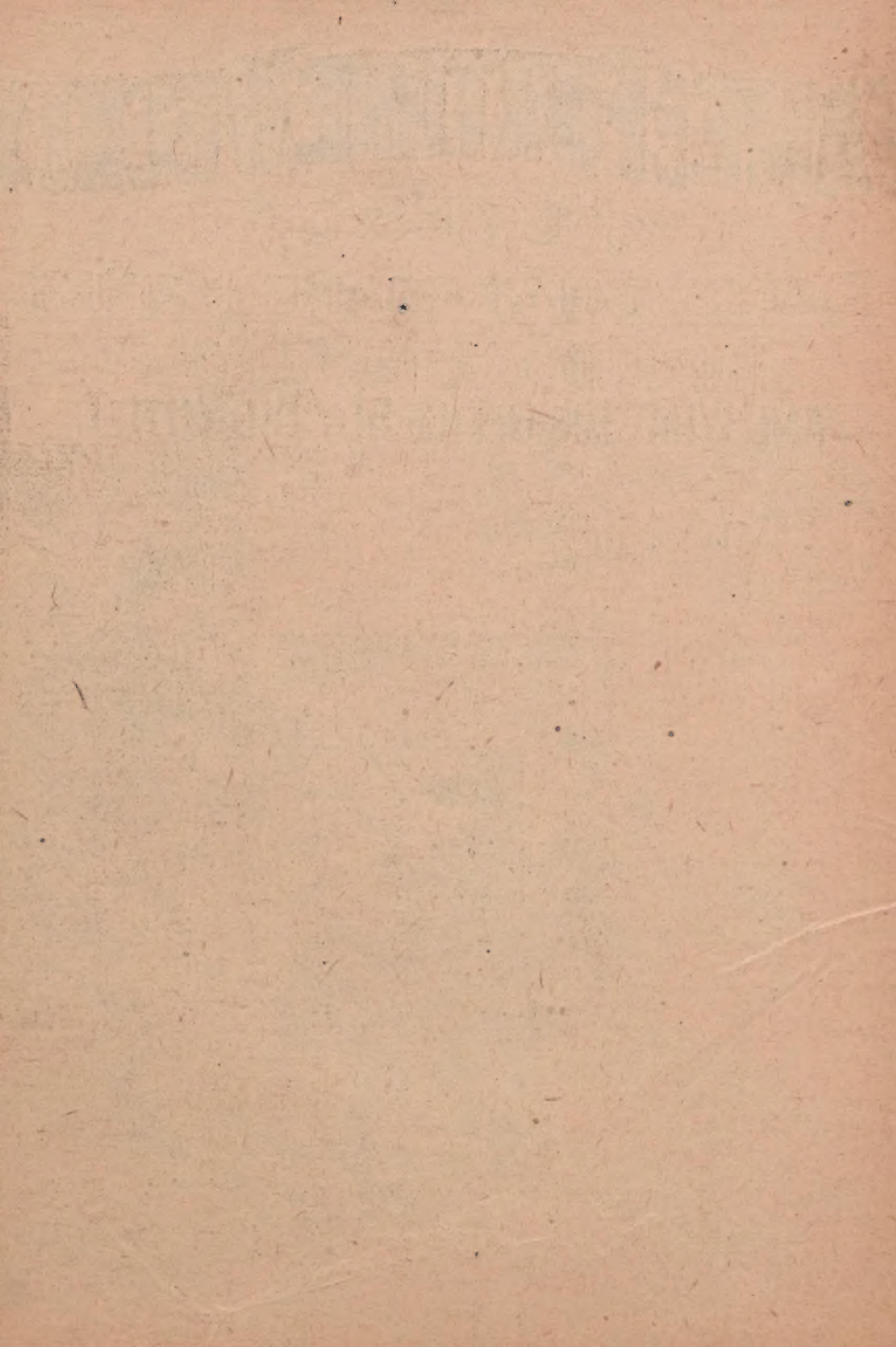
A STORY OF WALL STREET

By A Self-Made Man



Bob, intent on the discovery he had made, did not notice the unexpected entrance of Job Parsons and Will till the former suddenly sprang on him with a howl of rage.

"Give me that box—it's mine!" he cried.



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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The Old Trader's Legacy

AND WHAT HIS OFFICE BOY DID WITH IT

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Slump on the Market.

"This is the worst slump of the year," said one broker to another, as they came out of the Stock Exchange one afternoon.

"I should say so," replied the other, wiping his heated face with his handkerchief. "I just escaped a loss in D. & B. by the skin of my teeth."

"Lots of the boys have been hit hard. As for the lambs, I hate to think where they will come in. Most of those who are long on the market will be short in their pocketbooks when their statements are rendered to them," and the speaker chuckled over what he considered a witty remark.

"I hear Dexter has been backing Southern Railways for a month past, and has lost half a million."

"I'm not surprised, but he can stand it. He cleaned up two or three million in Texas Pacific a few months ago. He's worth a barrel of money."

"I'll bet he is—two or three barrels."

"The fall of Great Western has done up Old Hutch."

"Is he long on that?"

"He is. He looks like a ghost. I feel sorry for him. He ought to have retired years ago. He could have done so and finished the rest of his life on Easy street; but like the foolish moth and the flame, he would stick to the game, and now I'm afraid it will be 'over the hills to the poor-house' for him."

A bright, curly-headed boy, named Bob Barton, who had come out of the messengers' entrance, overheard the last words of the broker, as the two gentlemen passed up the street, and they did not make him feel any too good. He was Broker George Hutchings' office boy and messenger. Hutchings, who had been connected with Wall Street close on to fifty years, was known all over the financial district as "Old Hutch." He had outlived his earlier associates, and was looked upon as the last of the "Old Guard." He was in his prime when Commodore Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Morrissey and that crowd made the Street hum with their operations. He had seen panics on the Stock Exchange that made one's hair rise like the quills of the fretful porcupine. He had been cleaned out on that historical Black Friday, when Gould and Fisk had to keep under cover for their lives, but had survived it. Such panics were things of the past. Changed conditions prevented them. The slump which was now on was as near an approach to the old-time panic

as was likely to happen. The people who were caught in the mix-up felt that it couldn't be much worse, but it could have been a whole lot worse.

"My, if Mr. Hutchings has gone to the wall that will be the end of the office!" he muttered, staring out into Broad street, but apparently seeing nothing. "Not that I care for myself, for I'm young, have a little bunch of money of my own to fall back on, and can stand it. It's the boss I'm thinking of. It will be simply fierce if he's ruined at his time of life. He's a fine old gentleman. I wish I could say as much for his nephew, Job Parsons, but I can't. He's as different from his uncle as light is to darkness. Mr. Hutchings has done a sight more for Parsons than the fellow deserves, and Parsons has no more appreciation for the favors he has received than if he were a wooden image. He's the youngest son of the old gentleman's favorite sister dead many years, and is the black sheep of the family. And he's a snake in the grass, too. I know him much better than he dreams I do. Well, if his uncle is ruined all his expectations will be spoiled. He'll have to get out and do real work, and I guess that will be something new for him."

While speaking, Bob had been walking slowly toward Wall Street. When he reached the corner he received a whack on the shoulder that brought him out of his brown study.

"Say, what are you dreaming about?" asked his friend. Will Wilson, a boy a year older than himself, who was employed as junior clerk in the office.

"Dreaming!" exclaimed Bob. "What are you doing on the street at this hour?"

"Going for a snack of lunch. We've been so busy I couldn't get off before."

"I've just come from the Exchange, and there's the biggest kind of a panic there. Every stock on the list is dropping. Hundreds of people are already down and out. Many brokers are in bad, and I just heard that Mr. Hutchings had gone to the wall owing to the slump in Great Western."

"No!" gasped Will, aghast at such news.

"I don't know how true it is, but I heard a broker say that he had been cleaned out, and I know he's heavily interested in G. W."

"Great Scott! If it is a fact it will be awfully rough on all hands."

"Don't mention all hands. Think of the boss. He's the man who deserves sympathy. None of us have a dollar on the market that I know of."

"Parsons has or did have. He's always speculating, though it's against the rules. So are you,

for that matter. I thought you told me that you had bought into Great Western yourself when you learned that Mr. Hutchings was interested in it."

"I was in it. I had 100 shares, but I sold out yesterday before there was any signs of the slump and doubled my money."

"Well, I'd better get on to my lunch. It's likely all hands will have to work for a while to-night."

Will started on and Bob proceeded to the office. A year or two of Wall street experience will bring out all that is bright and smart about a boy. If there was a more capable messenger in the financial district than Bob Barton, he must have been made to order. He had been three years in Mr. Hutching's employ, and the old broker was willing to swear by him at any time. He made a blunder so seldom that no record of it could be brought against him. He lived on the outskirts of Jersey City, in a small cottage owned by his mother, who was a widow. He had two sisters, who thought Bob was simply perfect. One of them worked in a Jersey City department store, while the other was a stenographer and book-keeper, employed in a small manufacturing establishment. As Bob didn't like any girl, even if she were his sister, to have anything on him, he began saving every penny he could afford to put aside until he had got \$50 together. With that sum he started in to speculate in the stock market, through a little bank and brokerage house on Nassau street, and after a fluctuating experience extending over a year he found himself worth \$1,200. Two weeks before our story opens he noticed that Great Western stock was going up, and he found out that Mr. Hutchings was buying it.

He had great faith in his own judgment, and considerable more in his boss'. He immediately put \$1,000 up on Great Western, securing 100 shares on margin, at 80. The price kept on going up and the day previous it touched 90 3-8. Being sent to the Exchange with a note to his employer, he saw Mr. Hutchings busy around the G. W. standard. From the broker's actions he got the idea that his boss was selling, so as soon as he delivered his message he made a beeline for the little bank and signed an order for the sale of his 100 shares. The stock was disposed of at once, yielding him a profit of \$1,000. The price kept on rising next day, the one on which we open our story, and it had reached 93 when, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, the slump came on, and not only took the ground from under Great Western, but from every other stock that was in active requisition. Bob, however, had no cause to worry about his own affairs, for his 100 shares had already been paid for and delivered.

CHAPTER II.—Job Parsons.

Bob reported his return to the cashier and took his seat in the anteroom to await a further call on his services. It came in a minute or two. He was sent back to the Exchange with a bunch of selling orders from customers who were trying to save themselves from a total wiping out. He found things at the Exchange even worse than when he was there shortly before. A perfect pandemonium of noise deafened the onlookers. The

brokers acted like crazy people, though there was method in their madness. An outsider might have mistaken the scene for a free fight. Indeed, the looks of the traders when they emerged from some of the rushes suggested that they had been participating in a scrap or rough-house horseplay. Bob finally singled out his employer. The old broker looked like a wreck. He had stood little show with the stalwart younger members, and they had mussed him up considerably. Bob got the bunch of orders to him, and he looked at them and at Bob in a dazed sort of way.

"Any instructions, Mr. Hutchings?" asked Bob.

The old broker shook his head in a mechanical way and walked off with uncertain steps to execute the orders. Bob returned to the office, satisfied that things had gone wrong with his employer, though whether he was wiped out he could not, of course, say. At ten minutes of three Bob carried the day's deposits to the bank. When he returned Mr. Hutchings was in his room. Mr. Hutchings usually went home between three and four, but this afternoon he remained at his desk, sometimes trying to figure out his losses and sometimes sitting like a man in a trance, staring straight before him. When four o'clock came around Bob asked the cashier if he had anything more for him to do.

"No; but you'd better go in and see Mr. Hutchings. He hasn't gone home yet, and may want you. This has been an uncommon afternoon at the Exchange, and it is quite possible you may be wanted up to five o'clock," replied the cashier.

Bob knocked on the old brokers' door, but had to knock twice before he was told to come in.

"Shall you want me any more to-day, Mr. Hutchings?" he asked.

The old man turned his white and drawn face towards him. Then he looked away and tapped his desk with his thin fingers. At length he said:

"Yes, I'd like you to stay until I'm ready to go. Tell Mr. Buck," that was the cashier, "that it won't be necessary for any one to remain after five."

So Bob waited and killed time looking out of the window into Wall Street. When the clock marked the hour exactly all hands began filing out of the counting-room. All except the cashier appeared surprised to see Bob still seated in his chair, for it was very seldom he was in the office after four. They took it as a sign that the old man was still in his room and had a late errand for the boy to execute.

"You're earning your wages for once in your life," said Parsons, with a sneer, for he didn't like Bob for a cent.

He had his reasons, and one of them was that the boy stood high with his uncle. He expected that when Mr. Hutchings retired from business, which he was going to see him do any day, that the business would be turned over to him. And when his uncle died, which he hoped would be soon, that he would get all his relative's money and property. He lived with the old broker in his Madison avenue home, bossed the servants around as if they were his own and conducted himself generally to suit his own sweet self. As soon as he came into control of the office he meant to signalize his authority by bouncing Bob right off the reel. The very thoughts of what he expected to do to the boy gave him a great deal of

satisfaction in advance. When he uttered the foregoing remark he stopped and eyed Bob in a malicious way.

"I'm sorry I can't say as much for you," returned the young messenger, promptly.

"What do you mean, you young whippersnapper?" cried the bookkeeper, angrily.

"If you don't know I have no time to tell you."

"Look here, Bob Barton, you don't want to get gay with me. You may see your finish if you do."

"I'm not afraid of anything you can do, Mr. Parsons. You've always had it in for me, as your words and actions have shown, though I've never given you any cause to be down on me, so I don't care a picayune for your opinion, one way or the other."

"I've a great mind to knock your block off, you young imp!" said Parsons, advancing in a menacing way.

Bob sprang on his feet and looked him squarely in the eye.

"Start right in and see what will happen to you."

Bob's words goaded Parsons to fury and, with a snarl, he sprang at the boy. The young messenger realized he had provoked his enemy beyond endurance, and not wishing to engage in a scrap with him he shoved his chair toward the young man and side-stepped out of his reach. Parsons fell over the chair and went down with a crash on the floor. The noise brought the old broker to the door of his room.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking at Bob.

"Your nephew fell over a chair, that's all," replied the boy.

"Is everybody else gone?" asked the broker.

"Yes, sir."

"Then come in here. I have something to say to you."

As Bob entered the private room, Parsons, who had picked himself up, shook his fist after him.

"I'll get square with you, you young villain!" he gritted between his teeth. "It won't be long before my time'll come, and then look out!"

With those words he picked up his hat and left the office.

CHAPTER III.—The Passing of the Old Broker.

"Sit down, Bob," said the old broker, as he reseated himself at his desk.

"You've been to the Exchange several times today," went on Mr. Hutchings, "and, of course, you know what happened this afternoon."

"Yes, sir. There has been an awful slump in prices."

"A slump like that means a heavy loss, if not absolute ruin, to many."

"If they are caught in the shuffle."

"Yes. Well, I've been caught, Bob, and badly caught. After going over my contracts I find that it will be impossible for me to meet my obligations, all of which will be due and payable at three to-morrow, without sacrificing everything I possess."

"The parties you are indebted to will give you time to turn yourself if you ask it. There isn't a man better known in the Street than yourself, nor one more respected. No one would push you to the wall. It would be unfair to a man of your years and long experience in Wall Street."

"Bob, there is no sentiment in business."

"That's what I've heard, but there are exceptions to every rule."

"We won't argue the point. I am ruined and must pay the penalty that has been exacted of others in the same pinch. Wall Street speculation is a Juggernaut that rolls roughshod over its victims. Were I a younger man I would try to fight it out, but at my age—I am over seventy, Bob—it is worse than useless for me to contest the inevitable. I shall pass out of Wall Street poorer than when I came into it a clerk, fifty years ago."

"But you have your home."

"I intend to turn that over to my creditors, along with my seat in the Stock Exchange."

"Your creditors, who are doubtless rich, would not begrudge you your home even if they had to stand a small loss in consequence. I know I wouldn't. If you owed me \$100,000, Mr. Hutchings, and the only way I could collect it was to take your home away from you I wouldn't do it. I simply couldn't," said the boy, earnestly.

"I believe it, Bob. It's because you're that kind of boy that I have called you in here and made a confidant of you, which isn't usual between an employer and his office boy. I may be an old man, but age hasn't curtailed my powers of penetration. I have watched and studied your character, my boy, for a long time, and the conclusion I have reached does you more credit than the possession of great riches. You are a boy in a thousand, and you ring true. That covers everything."

"Thank you, sir. I appreciate your good opinion."

"The only relative I have in the world is, as you know, Job Parsons, the son of my youngest and favorite sister. Would to heaven he were like you! He then would be a solace to me in my present crisis. But he is not like you, and never will be, for a leopard cannot change its spots. His shortcomings are so many that I shudder to think what his future, if he lives, is likely to be. He is counting on dead men's shoes. His eyes are on my business and on the money and property that was mine until it was swept away by to-day's slump. His hopes, like his character, are founded on the shifting sands, and when I am dead he will realize that life holds nothing for him but what he can achieve for himself."

The old broker paused and looked beyond Bob, as though his thoughts had gone beyond the confines of the room. The boy waited for him to continue.

"I have made out a complete inventory of my liabilities, as well as of my resources, which includes all of my personal possessions," said the old man, tapping a paper that lay on his desk. "I find they balance almost perfectly. One thing alone that belongs to me I omitted—a tin box and its contents, the value of which has always been an unknown quantity to me. That is, it has no present value that I know of, but it may at any time become valuable. That box is hidden in the wall of this room. To-morrow I shall get it out and present it to you as the only reward I have to tender you for special services rendered. That my nephew may not put in a legal claim for it, I shall draw up a paper transferring it to you for value received."

THE OLD TRADER'S LEGACY

"I thank you for the present, sir," said Bob, gratefully.

"You are welcome. Consider it as a legacy from me. In a short time 'Old Hutch' will be merely a memory in Wall Street, but I believe you, at least, will not forget me even in after years when you are a prosperous man."

"No, sir, you can depend on that. Employers like you are scarce. You have treated me fine, and I would indeed be ungrateful if I did not remember you as long as I live," said Bob, earnestly.

The old broker took his hand.

"You are a good boy, Bob, and whatever good luck fortune has in store for you you will fully deserve it," he said.

He closed his desk and got up. Bob helped him on with his overcoat and they left the office together. The young messenger was always the first to reach the office in the morning. On the morning following the events just narrated he did not arrive at the office until nearly nine, and had hardly carried the mail into the boss' room when Will Wilson came in.

"When did you get away yesterday?" asked Will.

"About six o'clock," replied Bob.

"You were kept late, weren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not kicking."

"The morning papers say that Mr. Hutchings lost heavily in Great Western."

"He did. He is practically wiped out of business. But don't say a word about it to the rest of the people."

Will went to his desk and Bob sat down in his chair. The cashier came in, opened up the safe, handed around the books and papers and all hands got down to work. Mr. Hutchings usually got down at half-past nine so as to go through his mail and dictate replies to his stenographer before the Exchange opened. He didn't appear up to ten that morning, and the cashier asked Parsons if he had seen his uncle before he started for the office.

"No. He wasn't up when I left the house," he said.

Just then the postman came in with some more letters. Bob took them and found one addressed to himself. Opening it, he found a note from the old broker, inclosing a document transferring to him, for services rendered, the tin box and its contents.

"My Dear Bob:

"I send you this by mail because of the presentiment I feel at this moment that I shall never appear at my office again. It may be nothing but my imagination, but the feeling impresses me. To guard against mischance I have decided to forward this paper to you. The box is concealed in a recess in the wall of my private office which was used for some purpose by a previous tenant. I had it plastered up after placing the tin box in it. The spot is between the back of my desk and my private ticker, directly under the steel engraving of Rip Van Winkle and his dog Schreider. Open the wall two feet above the footboard and take possession of your legacy, with an old man's blessing. George Hutchings."

To receive a letter from his boss was naturally a surprise to Bob. The first sentence sounded

ominous, particularly in view of the misfortune that had overtaken the old broker. The boy sincerely hoped that nothing would happen to Mr. Hutchings, for he thought a whole lot of him. After reading the letter over a second time, Bob went into the private room and examined the wall at the place indicated in the note. He could see no signs that a hole had been filled up there, and consulted the letter again to make sure that he had read the directions aright. There was no mistake in the spot—two feet above the running footboard, and directly under the engraving of Rip Van Winkle and his dog

"Well, if there's a hole in that wall it has been mighty carefully walled up," he said to himself.

He tapped the plaster with his knuckles. While it did not have a solid sound, it did not appear different from any other place between the upright timbers to which the laths were nailed. At this point the cashier came into the room to go over the mail, since the broker was not down to attend to it himself.

"What are you looking at, Bob?" he asked.

"I was looking at the wall to see if there were any marks on it," replied the young messenger.

"Tell Miss Butler to step in here in about five minutes," said the cashier, seating himself at the desk, which was locked, as the old man had left it. Bob carried the message to the stenographer. The cashier went through the mail, dictated replies, and returned to his desk. At eleven o'clock he was called to the telephone booth. The old broker's housekeeper was at the other end of the wire. She told the cashier that she had just found Mr. Hutchings dead in his bed.

"Dead!" exclaimed the cashier. "Great Scott! this is sudden. I suppose I had better send his nephew up right away to look after things."

"It isn't necessary," replied the lady, a bit tartly. "Mr. Hutchings has given me instructions what to do in case anything happened to him. His lawyer will take full charge as soon as I notify him, which I shall do at once."

The cashier asked some more questions, but received little information, so he rang off and left the booth. He called Parsons to his desk and communicated to him the sad intelligence. If he expected the bookkeeper to be overcome by the news he was disappointed. Parsons received the intelligence with secret exultation, which shone in his eyes, but he endeavored to screw his face into a look expressive of deep regret.

"I shall go home at once," he said, "and look after things."

"I suggested that to the housekeeper, but she told me there was no need of your coming."

"Why not?" said Parsons, sharply.

"She said she had her instructions from your uncle what to do in case he died suddenly. She told me that Mr. Hutchings' lawyers would take charge of everything and look after all arrangements."

"That's all right, but I'm my uncle's only living relative and heir-at-law, so I guess I have something to say, too. Mrs. Brown assumes altogether too much authority for her position. She's only a servant, anyway, and has no right to say what I shall or shall not do. I'm going up."

The cashier shrugged his shoulders, and Parsons, changing his coat and putting on his hat, left the office. After his departure the cashier

announced the broker's death to the rest of the employees.

CHAPTER IV.—The Office Boy's Legacy.

Bob was staggered when he heard the news of Mr. Hutchings' death, though the letter he had received might, in a measure, have prepared him for something like that. He felt that he had lost a good friend—the best man he had ever known.

"My, but I'm awfully sorry!" he said, and he looked it.

Certainly the old broker had one sincere mourner in his office boy. Naturally, the death of Mr. Hutchings cast a gloomy aspect over the office. Then the losses he had met with in the market were calculated to add to the general depression, for everybody understood that the finish of the office was at hand. The cashier could do nothing as yet looking to a settlement with the creditors, but from a conversation he had had with Mr. Hutchings on the preceding afternoon he understood that everybody having legal claims on the office would be paid in full. At one o'clock he got a telephone message from the dead broker's lawyer, stating that he had assumed full charge of the late Mr. Hutchings' affairs and would be at the office about two. He instructed the cashier to make no change in the office routine for the present, so orders for the sale and purchase of stocks were taken in when offered and dispatched to an outside trader for execution. Lawyer Blake called at the office at a quarter past two, introduced himself and took charge. He held a conference with the cashier, during which he stated that he had received full instructions from Mr. Hutchings some time before what to do in the event of his death. He said he had drawn up the old man's will, the contents of which he did not state, but after seeing a statement made out by the broker the night before, which showed that his losses on the market would likely wipe out the whole of his estate, he was afraid the beneficiaries would not receive much, if anything. Just before the Exchange closed for the day, Bob carried a letter from the lawyer to the chairman. It notified the members of the Exchange having claims upon Mr. Hutchings that all such would be met in full as soon as possible. He was directed to sell the old man's seat at auction to the highest bidder. Job Parsons turned up at the office next morning, looking decidedly grouchy. He had had an interview with Lawyer Blake and learned that his uncle's death would in no wise benefit him. This was a terrible shock and disappointment to him. All he had to fall back on was the money he had made through his late stock deal, which was a mere flea-bite, in his estimation. The office was closed on the day of the funeral, which took place on a Friday. Next day Bob made his arrangements to open up the wall and search for the legacy the old broker had left him. He provided himself with a hammer and a chisel and waited impatiently for the closing down of work between half-past twelve and one. At last the pay envelopes were passed around and all hands prepared to leave the office. As an excuse for remaining in the office, the boy borrowed a sheet of paper and an envelope from Will and, seating himself at his friend's desk, he proceeded to write a letter with a lead pencil.

"Aren't you coming to lunch with me, Bob?" Will asked.

"You go on and I'll meet you at the restaurant. You're going to the usual place, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'll look for you in about ten minutes."

Then Will walked off. Everybody left except Parsons, and he hung around the counting-room until Bob began to wonder what was detaining him. Finally he got out, too, and the young messenger had the office to himself at last. Looking out into the corridor and seeing that it was empty, Bob entered the private room and proceeded to business. It didn't take him long to make a hole through which the chisel penetrated without encountering any resistance.

"There's an opening behind this spot all right," he thought, getting down to work.

He rapidly enlarged the hole until he could easily thrust his hand through it. Lighting a match, he held it inside and caught sight of a japanned tin box, nearly square, reposing inside on a shelf. Bob worked away, digging out the plaster at a rapid rate until he had made an opening large enough to pull the box through. The key was in the lock, so Bob saw he would have no difficulty in getting an immediate sight of his legacy.

"This is where I get a wrinkle on Parsons," he chuckled. "He's left out entirely, while I get something, even if it does not amount to much."

Bob, intent on the discovery he had made, did not notice the unexpected entrance of Job Parsons and Will till the former suddenly sprang at him, with a howl of rage.

"Give me that box—it's mine!" he cried.

Bob was taken by surprise, and Parsons would have snatched the box out of his hands but for Will's quick action in grabbing and holding him back.

"Are you going to give up that box?" asked Parsons, struggling with Will to get at Bob.

"I told you no. It belongs to me. It has nothing to do with the estate of Mr. Hutchings."

"You don't leave this room, then, till you go in charge of a policeman," said Parsons.

He walked to the door, turned the key in the lock and reached for the telephone that stood on top of the desk.

"You'd better read this," said Bob, "before you make a fool of yourself."

The young messenger took the old broker's letter from his pocket and held it up.

"Do you recognize your late uncle's handwriting?" he went on. "Listen and I will read you what he wrote me."

Parsons' curiosity was excited, and he paused to hear. Bob read the letter and the directions for finding the tin box. Then he exhibited the document, signed by the late Mr. Hutchings, and witnessed by his housekeeper, which transferred the title to the box and its contents to him.

"Now call your policeman, if you think best to do so. This letter and paper will easily establish my right to the possession of this box and what is in it," said Bob, satisfied that he had Parsons where his wool was short.

"I don't see how he came to give that box to you," growled the bookkeeper, making no further effort to get an officer.

"I told you he gave it to me for special services that I rendered him."

THE OLD TRADER'S LEGACY

"What's in the box?"

"I don't know."

"Open it, then, and let us all see what is in it."

"I don't know that you have any right to make such a demand of me. However, I have no objection to oblige you."

Bob unlocked the box and opened it. It contained two packages of mining stock certificates. Parsons looked at them sharply and saw the name, "El Cortez S. M. Co." He burst into a hoarse laugh.

"I know what they are," he said. "You are welcome to them. I wouldn't deprive you of them for the world. They aren't worth the paper they're printed on. They stand for a fake Mexican mine that my uncle got stuck on. If he had left them to me I'd have thrown them into the waste paper basket, where he ought to have consigned them months ago. I'm glad he didn't, though. It's a satisfaction to me to see that he kept them to fool you with. Now you'll have the pleasure of paying to have that wall repaired, and that will cost you more than half or all of your week's wages."

Thus speaking, Job Parsons unlocked the door and walked out, leaving Bob and his friend Will together.

CHAPTER V.—The End of the Office.

"I suppose this is what kept you from going to lunch?" said Will.

"Yes."

"That's a funny place for your late boss to keep a box of worthless stock, supposing it is worthless."

"It certainly is. I guess he was so disgusted at having been taken in when he bought it that he wanted to put it completely out of his sight."

"If the stock is no good it seems strange that he would turn it over to you as if it had some value. You were always the white-haired boy with him, and he wasn't the kind of man to play any one a cheap trick," said Will.

"He told me that it had no present value, but he believed it would have a value in the near future."

"He told you that?"

"He did."

"I wonder how long the office will last, now that affairs are being wound up?"

"Not long, I guess."

"We'll all have to be looking for new positions."

"I'm not worrying about a new job myself."

"Because you've got some money behind you, eh?"

"Yes. I think I can do better speculating on the market than running my legs off for some broker. I've had very fair luck at it since I started in. I wouldn't be able to find as many chances in another office as I have had in this. Then I have lost quite a bit of profit on a deal because I was not able to follow the quotations close, and I had to sell out to be on the safe side when otherwise I would have held on a while longer to my own advantage."

"How much money have you made out of the market altogether?"

"Something over \$2,000."

"That isn't bad."

"No, it's equal to five years' wages at my present rate."

"If you make a business of speculating, you might suffer the fate of the average lamb and get cleaned out."

"You can't make money in Wall Street without taking chances."

"You can't make money in any line without taking some chances."

"Of course, but you take a good many more chances in the Street. The game is like a lottery with the outsider—there are a whole lot more blanks than prizes."

The boys left the office and rode down on the elevator. Bob interviewed the janitor, told him what he had done, showed him the tin box full of stock, showed him the late broker's letter which directed him to get the box out of the wall, and then told him to have the damage repaired and he would foot the bill. The boys then left the building. They went as far as Broadway together and then separated, Bob going to a restaurant to get a bite before he started for home. Lawyer Blake applied the money he received from the sale of the old broker's seat in the Exchange to the partial settlement of the claims against his late client. The Great Western stock owned by the old man was disposed of at a loss. Other securities were sold, and finally a fair price was received for the Madison residence.

All Mr. Hutchings' personal property, which consisted chiefly of books, pictures, furniture and the other contents of the house, was sent to an auction house and sold piecemeal. The money thus received was enough to pay every creditor dollar for dollar and leave a few thousand dollars balance. This was better than the lawyer expected when he offered the old broker's will for probate. Job Parsons learned from the will that his uncle had cut him off with a legacy of \$100, and had left whatever property he might have at the time of his death to several charitable institutions he was interested in, to be divided pro rata. The lawyer paid Parsons the \$100, and shortly afterward closed the office for good, selling the furniture and fittings for what they would bring. Thus "Old Hutch's" business passed out of Wall Street and a new tenant took possession of the office so long occupied by the oldest broker on the Street. With the closing of the office all the employees were obliged to find other jobs. Strange to say, Parsons was the first to place himself. And what was stranger, he got a better position than his old one. He became cashier for a new firm of brokers. When Will heard of Parsons' good luck he was greatly surprised. He hurried up to the waiting-room of the little bank on Nassau street, where Bob had made his headquarters for the present, and told his friend.

"If that doesn't beat the Dutch!" he said. "Who'd think he'd connect with such a good position? He has full charge of the counting-room, and I'll bet you couldn't touch him now with a ten-foot pole."

"Who wants to touch him? Not me, for one," said Bob.

"What about that Mexican mining stock? Done anything about it yet?"

"I've found out that it represents a real mine down in Chihuahua, in the San Madre mountain range."

"What does it amount to?"

"Apparently not a whole lot, though it's situated in the best silver mining district of Mexico. The office is at the City of Chihuahua, and I've written to the company for information."

"If it's a real mine, as Parsons appears to doubt, and it is situated in a silver district, it might turn up a winner yet," said Will.

"Well, I'm getting hungry. Let's go to lunch," said Bob.

The suggestion suited Will, and they started for a quick-lunch house.

CHAPTER VI.—What Bob Found on the Ferry-boat.

Bob returned to the little bank after lunch and sat down to watch the blackboard again, as he had been doing for a week past. He had noticed that morning that D. & C. was advancing a little and now he saw that it had gone up higher.

"I guess I'll get in on it and see what luck I have," he said to himself. "I haven't made a cent since the office closed up, and I think it's time that I did."

Accordingly, he bought 100 shares of D. & C. at 70, on margin, and spent the rest of the afternoon up to three o'clock watching it. It closed a point higher than he bought it at, and he hoped it would go higher next day. It did go up half a point more on the following day, and Bob wondered if he had not better sell. He got talking with another customer of the bank, who was also interested in the stock, and the man advised him to hold on for, he said, he thought from the trend of the market prices were likely to go higher all around. Bob thought his argument a good one and held on. It proved a wise move for by Friday at two D. & C. was up to 75 8-8. Judging that it was about as high as it was likely to go, for the market was showing signs of weakness, Bob sold out.

"I guess I have made no mistake in tackling the market instead of another messenger job." Bob told himself. "I have made more than a year's wages in four days, and I've only been two weeks out of work. I'm pretty lucky, for when I went into the deal I didn't expect to make more than \$150, and here I've made \$500. I wonder if Will has connected with a job? I haven't seen him for four days."

Speak of Old Nick, they say, and you'll find him at your elbow. At that moment Bob felt a hand on his shoulder and turning around, there stood his friend.

"Hello, Will! What's new?" said Bob.

"I've caught a job with Vincent & Co., and I'm going to work Monday," said Will.

"Good! I've caught something, too."

"Have you? I thought you wasn't looking for a job."

"I wasn't referring to a job."

"What, then?"

"I've just closed a deal in D. & C. and made \$500 profit."

"Have you, really?"

"Sure as you live I have. Better than carrying messages, don't you think?"

"I should say so. It will take me more than six

months to earn that much. If you can keep that up you'll be a small capitalist by and by."

The boys left the bank together and strolled down Broad street. A broker named Fink, who knew Bob very well indeed and had a high opinion of him as a messenger, came out of the Exchange and saw him.

"Hello, Barton, you're not working yet, I suppose?" he said.

"No; I'm letting my money work for me now. It's a whole lot easier and more profitable," laughed Bob.

The broker laughed, too. He thought the boy was joking.

"Want to do me a favor?" he said.

"Sure. I'm always at the service of my friends when not otherwise employed."

"My messenger is off sick. Will you take his place till he comes back?"

"I don't mind if it's an accommodation to you, Mr. Fink?"

"It will be a great accommodation."

"All right. I'm on."

"Come over to the office with me."

When they reached Fink's office the broker handed Bob the package, which was plainly addressed to Funk & Frisbee.

"Deliver it to the cashier and get him to sign that receipt which you will bring back with you. That will probably be all you will have to do to-day, as it's getting on to three o'clock," said Fink. "Here's a quarter to pay your fare."

Bob started for the Cortlandt street ferry. He rode up to Cortlandt street and walked down that thoroughfare to the ferry. He caught a train-boat, that is the last boat carrying passengers for a west-bound express, and there was quite a crowd on board. Bob, instead of going to the front of the boat, took a seat in the men's cabin and devoted his attention to a pamphlet a man handed him at the corner of West street. When the boat reached the other side he chucked the pamphlet under the forward seat. His eyes, following its flight, detected something that looked like a small pocketbook. He bent down and picked it up. It was a pocketbook, and Bob stopped to examine it. It contained nothing of apparent value—only a letter written in Spanish and a newspaper clipping in the same language. The letter, which bore a recent date, came from Chihuahua, and was addressed to Senor Ramon Martinez, Astor House, New York City. It was signed by Manuel Lopez.

"No great find," thought Bob. "Senor Martinez evidently lost it out of his pocket on this boat some time this afternoon. He wasn't on the boat this trip, because no one occupied the seat ahead of me. I'll leave it at the Astor House on my way home."

Bob hurried off the boat, carried the package to the office of Funk & Frisbie, got the receipt signed and started back to the ferry. A boat had just come in and he walked on board. As she would remain in her slip ten or fifteen minutes Bob went forward to kill time by looking out on the river. While he was thus employed he remembered the pocketbook and he pulled it out to take another look at the letter and the clipping, though, not being acquainted with the Spanish language, he could not read either. Still they had a certain interest because they had come from Chihuahua,

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the capital of the State in which El Cortez Silver Mine was situated. He was expecting a letter any day from the secretary of the mining company containing the information he had written for. He entertained no great expectations that the expected letter would tell him that his stock was worth anything to speak of, but, nevertheless, he was eager to get it so as to learn just how he stood in relation to the mine.

"These foreigners write a different hand from us Americans," he said, as he glanced over the words that were unintelligible to him. I can tell a foreign letter the moment I see—Hello, what's this?"

The exclamation was drawn from him by seeing the words "El Cortez" in the midst of the letter. That immediately aroused his attention and curiosity. The letter evidently contained a reference to the mine he was interested in. He would have given a great deal if he could have read Spanish at that moment. But he couldn't so it was impossible for him to learn what the writer had written about the mine.

"It must be something of importance or he wouldn't have referred to it," Bob argued. "That mine can hardly be a dead one if it's worth writing about. I wonder if this Senor Martinez has stock in it? Perhaps I'd better ask for him at the hotel and have a talk with him about the mine. He will probably be able to tell me something about it. Yes, I think I will do—Jumping grasshoppers, what does this mean?"

Bob stared at another part of the letter in great astonishment. And he had reason to, for there, written as plain as a pike-staff, was his own name and home address.

"How in thunder did this Mr. Lopez get hold of my name and address, and why has he sent it to Senor Martinez?" mused Bob, scratching his ear in a puzzled way. "Oh, I see! Lopez must be connected with the mining company. Perhaps he's the secretary, and he got my letter, for I addressed it to nobody in particular, not knowing the names of the officers, but just to the company. Instead of writing me a letter he has written to Senor Martinez to call on me and give me the information I asked for. That must be it. Maybe Lopez doesn't understand English well enough to write to me direct, which would account for him turning the matter over to the senor."

Bob judged he had satisfactorily accounted for the puzzle, so he folded up the letter and returned it to the wallet. Then he looked over the clipping. It was headed "El Cortez M. S. Co."

"That contains news about the mine which I suppose Senor Martinez has been instructed to communicate to me," decided Bob.

The boat was well across the river by this time, so Bob returned the pocketbook to his pocket and stepped ashore as soon as the boat was made fast to her slip. As the Astor House was a few blocks above Cortlandt street he decided to postpone calling there till he started for home, so he hurried back to Broker Fink's office to turn in the receipt he had brought back.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Learns the Contents of the Letter and the Clipping.

Mr. Fink was in his office when Bob got there and reported his arrival to him.

"You made good time, Bob," said the broker, taking the receipt from him.

"I've been accustomed to doing that, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, Bob, it's after four. You can go home. Report in the morning at the usual time."

"How long do you expect your boy will be away?"

"I couldn't say, but I hardly expect him to show up under a week."

"By the way, Mr. Fink, I found something on the ferryboat."

"Did you? What was it?"

"A small pocketbook."

"Indeed! Any money in it?"

"No, sir. Only a letter and a clipping—both in the Spanish language."

"Rather an unproductive find."

"I am not sure about that. A very singular thing about the letter is that it contains my name and address."

"It does?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the writer?"

"I do not. He's a Mexican living in the City of Chihuahua, Mexico. The letter came from there, addressed to a Mexican or Spaniard stopping at the Astor House."

"Can you account for the Mexican having your name and address?"

"I can. Mr. Hutchings, the day before his death, presented me with some Mexican mining shares, which he said were of no particular value at present, but he thought that in the course of time they might possibly become worth something. On that chance he turned them over to me as an evidence of his friendship. I wrote to the office of the mining company at Chihuahua, asking for some information about the mine; that's how Mr. Lopez, the writer of the letter, got my name and address. He wrote the letter to Senor Martinez, and as the clipping refers to the mine, I guess Martinez was directed to post me about it."

"What's the name of the mine?"

"El Cortez."

"I know a broker—Epstein—who has a bunch of the shares. He told me it was worthless. A customer left the stock with him a year ago to sell for him; but Epstein said he could sell corner lots in Mars easier."

"Then I guess my legacy amounts to nothing. However, I mean to keep it just the same, if only to remember Mr. Hutchings by."

"If you'd like to have the letter and clipping translated, I'll give you a note to a coin and stamp dealer I am acquainted with on Nassau street. He's up in Spanish, French and German, and I believe several other languages. He was once a court interpreter," said the broker.

"All right. Give me the note and I'll call on him."

Fink called in his stenographer and dictated a note of introduction for Bob, stating that he'd take it as a favor if the linguist would translate a letter and a clipping for the bearer. When the letter was typed and signed, Bob took it and started up Nassau street. Entering the coin dealer's place of business, which was a small room on the second floor of a narrow, old-fashioned four-story brick building, Bob found a little, middle-aged man behind the counter.

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"Are you Mr. Handy?" he asked.

"That's my name," said the dealer.

Bob handed him the note. The proprietor read it and said he would be pleased to accommodate the boy, whereupon Bob produced the letter and the clipping. Mr. Harding read the letter right off in English, without hesitation. The letter stated that the writer (Lopez) had received a communication from a party in New York stating that he had a block of shares in El Cortez Silver Mining Company. He (Lopez) went on to state that as a rich vein of silver had recently been discovered in the mine it was desirable that the shares in question should be purchased of their holder for a small sum and expressed on to Chihuahua. Then followed Bob's name and address, and Senor Martinez was directed to call on him without delay and secure the stock, as per special instructions inclosed. Those instructions must have been written on a separate sheet, for they were missing. The cutting, which was from a Chihuahua daily paper, stated that a vein of rich silver ore had been uncovered in El Cortez mine, and that the prospects of the company were looking up.

The article then gave a brief resume of the heretofore unavailing efforts of the mining company to develop a property that had the reputation of having been worked out half a century since. That their efforts had finally been rewarded with success was a gratifying evidence of what energy and perseverance will nearly always accomplish. That was all, but it was enough to make Bob feel mighty good. His legacy was turning up a winner sooner than he expected. He thanked the linguist and went on his way to the Astor House. He asked the clerk at the desk if Senor Martinez was in. The clerk looked at the key-box and said that he was out.

"Well, hand him this pocketbook, which belongs to him. Tell him I found it on one of the ferryboats of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company," said Bob.

He then walked away before the clerk could call him his name. When Bob reached home his mother told him that a dark-featured man, who said his name was Martinez, had called early that afternoon and asked to see him.

"I told him you were attending to business in Wall Street, and would not be home much before five," said Mrs. Barton. "He asked for your Wall Street address, but I told him that since the broker you worked for had gone out of business he had no address as yet. He then said that he would return this evening."

"All right, mother. When he calls I will see him," said Bob.

It was now quite clear to the boy that the man had left his pocketbook on the way over to the house. At half-past eight o'clock that evening there came a ring at the bell and Bob's eldest sister, who answered the ring, invited Senor Martinez into the little parlor overlooking the street. Bob went in to see him.

"Senor Martinez, I believe," he said.

"Yes, that is my name," said the visitor, in perfect English. "Are you Robert Barton?"

"I am. How can I serve you?"

"You wrote a letter to El Cortez Silver Mining Company, of Chihuahua?"

"Yes."

"The secretary, Senor Lopez, received your letter, and not feeling able to communicate with you in English he wrote to me to call on you as his representative and give you such information as was available."

"I am much obliged to you, Senor Martinez."

"You are welcome. I am directed to inform you that El Cortez is an old mine, supposed to have been worked out, which was purchased five years ago by the present company for a small sum, with the view to further development. The company has made a vigorous effort to find silver, but I regret to say without results, and has decided to give the matter up. There is \$20,000, Mexican standard, remaining in the treasury. This will be divided among the shareholders immediately upon their turning in their stock. You are therefore entitled to twenty cents in Mexican money, or ten cents in American coin, for each share of stock you hold. I am authorized to hand you the money in exchange for your stock. As your name does not appear on the company's books, the stock still stands in the name of the original purchaser. It will be necessary for you to produce evidence that you are entitled to be regarded as a bona-fide owner."

"I received the stock as a legacy from George Hutchings, deceased, stock broker, in whose employ I was, and I can produce the necessary evidence."

"Very good. How many shares have you?"

"Ten thousand."

"Indeed!" said Senor Martinez, somewhat surprised. "That amount entitles you to \$1,000."

"I don't think I care to turn the stock over for that sum."

"You will have to do it, according to the company's arrangements, or you will get nothing, for the company is going out of business."

"I shall want some evidence that the company is going out of business," said Bob.

"Some evidence!" exclaimed Senor Martinez, somewhat taken aback.

"Certainly. I've a right to it, haven't I?"

"You do not believe my word, then?"

"I haven't disputed your statement. I am simply asking you to produce proof."

"The money I am offering you ought to be good proof. The stock is worthless, but the company is offering you ten cents a share for it in closing up business."

"Why does the company make such a generous offer?"

"Because the cash on hand is a part of the money originally paid for the stock, and it is only fair that this unexpended balance be returned to the shareholders of record."

"Your argument is a good one, but I guess you don't know what has happened at the mine since you received instructions to call on me and secure my stock," said the boy, wishing to let the senor down as easily as possible.

"What do you mean?"

"You haven't seen the statement made in the papers that a rich vein of silver ore was recently discovered in El Cortez mine?"

Senor Martinez looked much confused.

"You have seen such a statement yourself?" he said.

"I heard a man read a printed paragraph to that effect."

"In what paper did it appear?"

"I couldn't tell you the name of the paper, but I saw the paragraph, and I know positively that it referred to El Cortez Mine."

It at once struck the visitor that the paragraph printed in the Chihuahua paper had been republished in translated form in one or more of the American mining journals. The boy had thus learned about the reported discovery of ore in the mine. Under such circumstances there was little use trying to get the stock from him. The interview lasted more than an hour, and in the end Senor Martinez had to depart without the boy's stock.

CHAPTER VIII.—Records How Bob Added to His Legacy.

Bob reported next morning at Mr. Fink's office, and made himself useful up to the closing time at half-past twelve. He received half a week's pay for his brief services, and was told to come on Monday. As soon as he was off he walked around to Mr. Epstein's office and inquired for that gentleman.

"Go right in his room," said a clerk. "You're lucky to find him here, as we are just closing up."

Bob knocked on the door of the private office and was told to come in.

"Mr. Epstein?" said the boy.

"Yes," replied the broker.

"Have you any certificates of mining stock that have no market value?"

"Have I? Yes, I have a bunch of Mexican mining shares that I'd like to sell to somebody."

"But if they have no market value what do you expect to get for them?"

"What do you want with dead mining shares?"

"I'm collecting them."

"Oh, you are? What do you intend to do with them?"

"If I got together a sufficiently varied collection I might put them on public exhibition as an object lesson that fools and their money are soon parted."

Epstein looked hard at Bob.

"I've got a good-sized block of El Cortez mining stock—10,000 shares—what will you give for the lot?"

"Ten dollars," said the boy.

"Produce the ten and you can have the certificates."

"All right, Mr. Epstein. Here's the money. I guess I can make more than \$10 out of them. If I don't it will be my funeral."

The broker shoved the bill into his vest pocket, went to a closet, fumbled around on the shelves, and finally brought out a dusty package. Bob wished him good-day and took his leave, well satisfied over his purchase.

"If a rich vein of silver ore has really been discovered in El Cortez mine, according to that paragraph, Mr. Epstein will have a fit when he learns about it," he said to himself. "It may be some time before the news is circulated in this country, though, unless the discovery is of such importance as to attract general attention to the mine."

With the package under his arm he went to

lunch and then started for home. That evening Senor Martinez called again. He said he had telegraphed to the secretary of the El Cortez Mining Company, and showed the reply he had received to Bob. It read:

"No truth in newspaper statement.—Lopez."

"Well, I don't care to sell the stock. In fact, I've just bought 10,000 more shares of it."

"Ten thousand more shares! Where did you get them?"

"Of a Broad street broker. He was anxious to get them off his hands so I thought I'd accommodate him."

"But the stock isn't worth anything."

"Maybe not, but you said the company would pay ten cents a share for all that was out."

"So the company will in order to settle up its affairs. If you will agree to take that for the 20,000 shares I will telegraph for the money."

"I'll take the matter under consideration and let you know. You are stopping at the Astor House. I will call if I care to sell the shares."

Senor Martinez tried to get Bob to settle the business then, but the boy would not, so he went away, disappointed. He was very anxious to fix the matter up, for the news of the discovery of silver ore in El Cortez mine might reach Wall Street any moment, fully corroborated. Besides, he had another reason. He and Lopez were interested in the purchase of the 20,000 shares of El Cortez stock which the company's books showed had been sold in the United States.

Lopez was not the secretary of the company, but was the chief clerk. He had received Bob's letter, opened it and, instead of turning it over to the secretary, as it was his duty to have done, he suppressed it and sent the letter Bob found to his friend, Martinez, who was in New York on business for the Chihuahua firm he was connected with. He followed it with a second letter, which gave the name and address of the person holding the second block of 10,000 shares. That person, however, had long since turned his stock over to Broker Epstein to sell for him, and then gone to Chicago, where he still was. Thus Senor Martinez was unable to trace the second block, and he was much surprised when Bob told him he had acquired it. However, that simplified the matter if he was able to induce the boy to part with both blocks for \$2,000. When he got back to New York the senor sent a telegram to Lopez, informing him that the young senor had both blocks of the stock, and did not seem inclined to sell the stock for ten cents a share.

He asked for further instructions. Lopez answered that he would come on to New York himself at once. Bob appeared at Broker Fink's office at nine o'clock on Monday morning. He hoped the boy, whose shoes he was filling temporarily, would turn up during the week, as he was not anxious to continue in the messenger business. About two o'clock he was sent with a note to a broker in the Astor Building. While waiting to see the trader he overheard two men, who seemed to be connected with the market, talking about a syndicate which had been formed to corner H. & G. stock, which was then selling low on the market. Bob learned enough to satisfy him that he had got on to a good tip, and he determined to

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take advantage of it. On his way back he dropped into the safe deposit vault on Wall Street, where he kept his money in a box rented by the year, and took out \$2,000.

At a quarter of three he was sent to the bank with the day's deposits, and after attending to that he ran up to the little bank on Nassau street, and put in his order for 200 shares of H. & G., on margin, at 85. As Bob had no intention of selling his Mexican mining shares to Senor Martinez he addressed a short note to him at the Astor House, informing him that he had decided to hold on to the stock, and that it would only be a waste of his time to call at his house again.

"I hope that will settle the matter," thought Bob, after mailing the letter.

It didn't settle it, for on Friday evening Senor Martinez appeared again, this time accompanied by a well-dressed man whose complexion was even darker than his own, whom he introduced as Senor Lopez.

"Are you the secretary of El Cortez Silver Mining Company?" asked Bob, forgetting that Lopez was supposed to be deficient in the English language.

Lopez, however, showed by his reply as well as his subsequent remarks that he was on very good terms with the English language.

"No, senor, I act as secretary when that official is away from the office," he answered.

"Who got the letter I wrote to the company?" said Bob.

"I received it, senor. As my friend, Senor Martinez, happened to be in New York, I wrote him to call on you and make you the company's closing offer for the shares of El Cortez stock which you had informed me you had acquired title to."

"Senor Martinez gave me to understand that you did not understand English very well, but you appear to understand it all right," said Bob.

Lopez looked at his friend, whereupon Martinez, seeing he had put his foot in it, said that he had told Bob he had misunderstood him. The boy knew he had not misunderstood him, but he let it go at that.

"I suppose you have come to renew negotiations for the stock, of which I now hold 20,000 shares, but it is quite useless to bring the matter up again. I wrote Senor Martinez that I would not sell a share at anything like the figure offered."

"Perhaps you will say what you want for it?" said Lopez.

"No, I am not offering it at all at the present time."

"Because you have heard that ridiculous newspaper account that silver has been found in the mine, eh?"

"You assert, like Senor Martinez, that the published story is untrue?"

"Most certainly, senor."

"I hate to doubt your word, for you are connected with the company, have been right on the ground and ought to know, but somehow I have the idea that you are hiding the true facts from me."

"It is possible, senor," said Lopez, in a deprecating tone, as if such a thing as a misstatement was not possible with him.

"Why are you so anxious to buy my shares?"

"To close up the affairs of the company. Nearly everybody but yourself has taken advantage of our liberal offer. As you are holding off, and we want to clean things up as soon as possible, I am authorized to make a special offer of 15 cents a share in your money for the 20,000 shares."

"That will be \$3,000?"

"Exactly, senor. If you will agree to deposit the stock with the Wall Street Bank, to-morrow, to be forwarded to me on receipt of \$2,500, I will pay you \$500 on account now."

"No, I won't agree to any such thing. Having decided to hold the shares at all risk, all I can say to you now is that the stock is not for sale at all."

"Is that your final answer?" asked Lopez, in a tone that betrayed his intense disappointment.

"It is."

The two men then departed.

CHAPTER IX.—The Man in the Cab.

By the end of the week H. & G. stock, which had dropped several points since Bob bought it, began to go up steadily, a little every day. Broker Fink's office boy did not turn up at all that week, his mother sending word that he was still confined to his bed. Bob, therefore, was continued on the job, and he didn't like that on account of the deal he had on his hands. It was impossible for him to attend to his duties at Fink's office and give his own business the attention it required. However, he watched his private interests as well as he could. During the following week H. & G. advanced to 92. On Monday of the ensuing week it began to boom, and in the course of the day went up to par, at which it closed.

Bob decided to sell out, but he did not get a chance to do so till noon next day when the price was up to 103 3-8. At that figure he got rid of his 200 shares at a profit of \$3,600, and he was well satisfied that he had made a good thing out of his tip. He credited his good fortune to the fact that Fink had given him temporary employment, for had he not been acting as messenger again he would not have picked up the winning tip. On Saturday of that week Broker Fink's regular office boy turned up and told the broker that he would be able to resume work on Monday. Fink told him all right, but was rather sorry to lose Bob, who was in every way superior as a messenger. Bob was glad to be relieved of further duty, notwithstanding he had managed to put his deal through all right while attending to the duties of his temporary position. Fink told him that he'd be glad to take him into his counting-room as soon as he had an opening.

"I'd sooner work for you than any other broker," said Bob, "but I am not sure that I shall work for anybody but myself."

"Are you thinking of leaving Wall Street, Bob?"

"No, sir."

"Then you are figuring on doing something on your own hook in the Street, eh?"

"I'm not figuring on it. I used to do a little speculating on the side while in Mr. Hutchins' employ, and as soon as his lawyer wound up the

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business I started in to follow speculation on the market as a business. I had just made \$500 out of a rise in D. & C. when you asked for the temporary use of my services."

"I can't say that I would recommend you to adopt such a precarious line of action. You might win occasionally, but the chances are you'll fetch up broke in the end."

"Perhaps so, but I have done well so far. I have made over \$6,000 out of the market to date."

"As much as that?" said Fink, in surprise.

"Yes, sir. Then I have expectations from that legacy Mr. Hutchings gave me—El Cortez mining shares."

"Why, that stock isn't worth anything."

"No? You remember that letter and clipping in Spanish I found on the ferryboat?"

"I recall the circumstance now that you mention it."

"You sent me up to that linguist on Nassau street. He read both for me, and the clipping stated that a rich vein of silver ore had been discovered in El Cortez mine."

"The dickens! I haven't seen anything about it in the mining journals. If such a discovery had been made in the mine I should fancy it would be published in our mining papers."

"I should think so, too, but I don't believe it has. El Cortez has been looked upon as a dead mine so long that I suppose little attention is paid to anything relating to it. However, whether the report is true or not I have received a bona-fide offer of a quarter a share for all my stock."

"You have? Who offered that price?"

"A Mexican from Chihuahua, who came on here expressly to buy it."

"You surprise me. You sold the stock, of course?"

"No, sir. I turned the offer down."

"What for?" said Fink, clearly astonished.

"Because the offer of such a price for stock which had been so long regarded as worthless gave me the impression that a rich discovery of silver ore must have been made in the mine. That is the only way I could account for such an offer."

Bob got up, shook hands with the broker and took his leave. Bob usually put in Saturday afternoons at a gymnasium, where he took boxing lessons from the professor in charge, and exercised with the apparatus. He was already regarded as an expert at the science of self-defense, and had developed his punching powers by constant practice with the bag. After spending a couple of hours in the gymnasium that Saturday, he went home and read the paper till supper time. He intended treating himself to the theater that evening, and was getting ready to go downtown when the bell rang. One of his sisters answered the door. A cab stood at the curb and the driver had rung the bell.

"A gent in the cab wants to see Robert Barton. Is he home?" said the man.

"Yes. I'll tell him. What's the gentleman's name?"

"He didn't tell me his name. He told me to drive him here and ask for the young gent."

"Very well, I'll tell my brother."

The young lady went to her brother's room and told him that a gentleman in a cab outside wanted to see him.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. I asked the driver who rang the bell who he was, but he said he didn't know."

"I don't know any gentleman likely to call on me," said Bob. "He's in a cab, you say?"

"Yes."

"All right, sis. I'm ready to go out, anyway, so I'll see who he is and find out what he wants with me."

Bob turned out the gas, got his hat on his way out and presently stepped up to the door of the cab. The cab door was ajar and Bob opened it and looked in. In a moment a hand gripped him by the collar and yanked him into the vehicle. As the door closed with a bang the driver whipped up his horse and the cab rolled away at a fast clip..

CHAPTER X.—Bob is Abducted.

Bob was taken by surprise, and before he could pull himself together a cloth was pressed over his face and he inhaled a pungent odor that soon sapped his powers of resistance. Inside of five minutes his ineffectual struggles had ceased and he was unconscious. The man in the cab then propped him up on the seat beside him and then supported him with one of his arms, while the vehicle rolled on. Many hours rolled away before Bob came to his senses, and when he did he was dazed and confused in his upper story.

Gradually his brain cleared, and then he wondered how he had been pulled into the cab and drugged. Why he had been treated that way, and by whom, he could not understand. Then he realized that though his hands were free his body was secured to the cot on which he lay. He was a prisoner beyond a doubt, but why? The reason was quite beyond him.

"Blessed if this affair hasn't got me guessing. I don't know anybody who would take the trouble to kidnap me. And they certainly wouldn't do it without a purpose. Now, I'm not a young millionaire to be held for ransom. No one can make a cent by carrying me off, so where is the little joker in the deal?" thought Bob.

While he was thinking the matter over he saw a light shining under a near-by door, and heard the approaching footsteps of a man.

"He's coming this way. I shall probably get some light on the subject."

The sound of a key turning in its lock reached the boy's ears and then the door opened. A dark-featured man entered the room, with a lamp in his hand, whom Bob, to his surprise, recognized as Manuel Lopez. Like a flash, the truth struck the lad. He was the victim of what was intended to be a squeeze game. That is, Lopez intended to try and force him to sell his El Cortez mining stock.

"That kind of a game might go in Mexico, but Lopez will discover that it won't work in this country," thought Bob.

"Ha! young senor, we meet again," said the Mexican, with a malicious grin.

"I suppose you are at the back of this outrage," replied Bob. "What's your object?"

"I have called to talk business with you."

"Do you expect me to have any dealings with you after the way you've treated me?"

"Why not?" replied Lopez, setting the lamp

down on a small table. "I brought you here because I saw no use of continuing our negotiations at your home. You had made up your mind not to sell. You were obstinate in the matter, so I decided I would have you where you would listen to reason."

"You can't talk me into selling here any quicker than you could at my house."

"Perhaps not; perhaps yes. We shall see, at any rate."

"You have got me tied to this cot and locked in a room in some house. Don't you know that carrying a person off against his will is a crime in this country, and that detaining him a prisoner makes the matter all the worse?"

Senor Lopez took a cigarette paper and some tobacco out of his pocket and proceeded to manufacture a smoke for himself. Bob watched his deft fingers roll the cigarette into shape with great skill and rapidity. Then he lighted the end of it with a match scraped on the sole of his shoe.

"Yes, señor," he replied, seating himself in a chair and speaking deliberately. "But," shrugging his shoulders, "when one has an important object in view he must not be turned aside by obstacles. I must have that mining stock. I am willing to pay you a fair price for it. If we come to terms, very good. You will be released, get your money and that will be the end of the matter."

"Do you think because I am a boy that you can frighten me into doing something I don't want to do?"

"Do not let us waste time arguing things not connected with the matter at issue. You own 20,000 shares of El Cortez stock. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Very good. You do not want to sell it, eh?"

"No, I don't."

"Why not, if I offer you fifteen cents a share?"

"Because it's worth more than that."

"How do you know it is?"

"You wouldn't offer me fifteen cents for something that you did not expect to make a profit out of."

"Ah, I see! You are a smart young señor. I did not perceive your reasons before. It is no use to try to deceive you. I will admit that I expect to make a profit out of the stock. It is worth, say, twenty-five cents; perhaps not so much, but if I hold it a while it should reach that. Ten cents a share is not too much to expect to gain. Now we understand each other. You will take fifteen cents. We will shake hands on it and part good friends, eh?"

"You admit, then, that the mining company is not going out of business?"

"That is a matter of no importance."

"You might as well admit the fact, for I am sure there is no danger of the company giving up the working of the mine."

"If you are sure of it we waste time speaking about it."

"Of course you won't admit that the newspaper report about the discovery of a rich vein of silver ore in the mine is correct," said Bob.

"Let us get down to business," said the Mexican impatiently. "I offer you fifteen cents cash for your stock. You take it?"

"No."

"Then you will stay here till you accept my offer."

"All right. I'll stay. Are you prepared to feed me indefinitely?"

"When you want to tame an animal you starve him a little. I try that plan on you. By and by, when your stomach feels very empty I will fetch here a nice meal and let you look at it. Maybe then you decide to sell your stock. Perhaps you will even let it go at a lower price—ten cents a share. Maybe even five cents. What do you think? I offer fifteen cents now. Perhaps I will not give so much when I come again to see you," and the speaker grinned maliciously.

"You can't intimidate me, Senor Lopez. If you think you can force me into selling that stock to you you'll find out your mistake in the end," said Bob.

"Ah, yes, perhaps," said the Mexican, blowing a ring of smoke and watching it float off with a wavy motion in the air. "You do not know me, Senor Americano. We Mexicans are not easily turned from any object we set our hearts upon. I have not come all the way from Chihuahua to return empty-handed. You will sell me the stock at my price or I will—but no matter. I will leave you now to think my offer over. Fifteen cents a share will stand till our next interview. After that, if you remain obstinate, I shall not pay so much. Perhaps you think I can do nothing that will force you to come to terms. In that case you have something yet to learn, and that is there are more ways than one of killing a cat."

With those significant words, Senor Lopez picked up the lamp and quitted the room, locking the door after him.

"And you have something to learn, too," muttered Bob, "and that is, an American boy is the equal of any two rascally Mexicans like yourself."

Bob felt of his bonds to see how he was secured. A strong, thin rope was wound twice around his body and knotted over his breast. The two ends were of sufficient length to pass under the cot and be knotted out of his reach. Bob saw that he was effectually secured to the bed, for though his arms were at liberty, there was no possible way of untying a knot, the ends of which he could not reach. While he was considering the helplessness of his position he suddenly thought of the knife he had in his pocket.

"Lopez wouldn't have left that in my pocket surely," he thought, "because any fool could see that all I had to do was to get it out and cut myself loose."

Bob thrust his hand in his pocket on the chance that the Mexican had not searched him, and his heart gave a hopeful bound when he found the knife there.

"The best-laid schemes often go wrong, owing to some little blunder," he said, as he pulled the knife out, opened it and cut the cord.

In a few minutes he was free of his bonds. The locked door still barred his escape from the room, and that was not an easy problem to overcome. He pulled his match-safe from his pocket and struck a light. In his horizontal position on the cot he had caught but an imperfect sight of the room under the lamplight. He had made out that it was not large and meagerly furnished.

After inspecting the room he went to the one window and easily pushed the sash up. There

was no moon, but the night was not so dark but he could make out considerable. The room he was confined in was on the third floor at the rear. There were houses all around, each having its own yard.

"I know what I'll do, if that rope that held me to the cot is long enough, I'll secure one end of it to the end of the cot, drop the rest out of the window and slide down to the window below. If the window is not locked I'll get into the room and then I'll have the run of the house. By using caution I ought to be able to make my escape," said Bob to himself.

He lost no time in putting this plan in operation.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob Makes His Escape.

The rope proved to be amply long enough for the purpose Bob had in view, and in a few minutes he was standing on the stone coping in front of the window below. The room was dark. Holding on to the line with one hand, he tried the sash. It was not locked; and yielded readily to his touch. He was soon in the room and he shut the window again.

"Luck is running my way so far," he said.

Striking a match he found that he was in a well-furnished square room, having two windows. On the top of the bureau lay a loaded revolver. Bob quickly snatched it up.

"If that Mexican tries to bar my way to liberty he'll get a ball into him. I consider myself justified, under the circumstances, in shooting anybody that tries to recapture me," said the boy, in a determined voice. He opened the door and looked out.

A dim gas-jet was burning on the landing. He walked to the head of the stairs and looked down. A red globe was burning in the vestibule in front of the street door, visible through the transom of the inner door before which a white light burned. He heard muffled sounds of voices in one of the rooms below, mingled with laughter and the clinking of glasses. There seemed to be quite a number of men in the house.

As Bob started to slip down with the intention of making his escape by way of the front door, the door of the room containing the company suddenly opened and a dapper-looking young man, who appeared to be a servant, came out, leaving the door ajar. He went along the hall to the rear and disappeared. Bob now heard the talk and laughter quite plainly. He could also catch a glimpse of the interior of the room. A bunch of men were gathered about a long table on which was a faro layout.

"Make your bets, gentlemen!" cried a voice.

There was a movement about the table. At that moment the door was opened wider and two men came out. One was dark-skinned, like Senor Lopez, while the other was a large, light-complexioned young man whom Bob, to his astonishment, recognized as Job Parsons.

"What's your tally, Parsons?" asked the dark-skinned man. "It's only half-past four, and this is every morning. You have all day ahead to you."

"I've lost all I can stand for the present," said Parsons.

"Why, are you cleaned out? If you are, I'll take your I O U for \$100."

"No, I've got a bunch of money yet, but it doesn't happen to belong to me."

"Who else?"

"The firm I am working for. I borrowed it to make a bluff."

"And having lost all your own you want to quit. Why, with that bunch of money you ought to pull luck over on your side."

"I wish I could, but luck is plum against me to-night."

"Pshaw! You're foolish to run off and leave your own roll with the house, when you hold the means in your hands, to win your losses back and more with it."

"No, I know when I've had enough."

"Well, come and have a glass of champagne with me,"

"All right," agreed Parsons and he allowed himself to be led back into the room the door closing tight behind them.

"This is evidently a private gambling joint," thought Bob. "It's the first time I've ever been in one, and I shan't be sorry when I'm out of this one."

Bob made another attempt to reach the door. He was headed off again by another door opening, and Senors Lopez and Martinez appeared. They walked toward the front door, conversing in Spanish, which prevented the boy from understanding what they said. Bob scurried lightly back upstairs to avoid discovery. Looking down he saw Lopez unbar the inside door and he heard him do the same with the outer one and then unlock it. After letting Martinez out he secured both doors as before and went into the room where the play was going on. Bob concluded it advisable to wait for Parsons, who was going to get away, but minute after minute passed and he did not appear.

"I'll bet that dark-skinned chap has urged him to stay and risk his firm's money," thought Bob. "What a fool he is if he has yielded! He'll be in a nice financial hole at his office if he should lose the money that does not belong to him. It will be like him to do it, though. He's always been a fool. He spoiled himself with his uncle, and lost what little was left of the old broker's estate. Now he's continuing on the road to ruin. He may yet land behind the bars on the charge of embezzlement."

Impatient of longer delay, Bob started for the front door again. This time he was not interrupted and reached the inner door all right. He unbarred it carefully so as to make no noise, and was slipping into the vestibule when the servant appeared at the end of the hall and saw him. He came forward quickly to see who was going out inner door after him. Bob had unbarred the outer door and was in the act of unlocking it when the servant came upon him so suddenly that he was taken by surprise.

"Who are you, and how come you in here?" he asked the young man, grabbing him.

Then he recognized Bob as the boy who had been brought there early in the evening by Lopez.

"Oho! I see who you are. Trying to cover up are you? How in creation did you get out of that room? Come along, I've nabbed you just in time."

He started to drag Bob away from the door. The boy saw he had to act quickly and effectively or he would not get away, though on the very threshold of liberty. Bob was strong and active, and grabbing the servant he swung him around and tripped him up on the floor. As the chap fell, Bob turned to the door, unlocked and pulled it open. The servant reached for his leg, seized it and shouted for help. Bob kicked, but couldn't shake off his grip. Hearing a rush of feet in the hall he became desperate. Drawing the revolver, he shoved it toward the servant.

"Let go, you rascal, or I'll blow your roof off!" he said.

The startled servant let go and Bob dashed out of the door, ran down the short flight of stone steps to the sidewalk and darted off down the street. He disappeared around the near-by corner before the people at the gambling house found out what the trouble was about. After running a whole block and finding he was not pursued, Bob stopped and looked around to find out where he was. He saw he was in the residential section of Jersey City, and getting his bearings he started for home, very thankful at having extricated himself from the Mexican's clutches. At the first corner liquor store he passed the clock inside showed him that the hour was five in the morning.

"I wonder if my folks know I've been out all night?" thought Bob, as he hurried along. "If they went to bed before they expected me back from the theater they probably don't know. I hope they don't, otherwise they sure would be worried."

It was a quarter of six when he reached his home in the southern suburbs. He let himself in with his latchkey and taking off his shoes softly made his way to his room and lost no time in getting into bed. It was some time, however, before he got to sleep, for the experience he had been through was calculated to give him considerable food for thought. Senor Lopez had proved himself to be a dangerous schemer, willing to take big chances to achieve his purpose. Bob had outwitted him, but the question was would he try some other trick with the same end in view.

"I shall certainly call on the police and swear out a warrant for that man's arrest," said Bob. "He can be held for abducting me if he is arrested. It is impossible for me to put the authorities onto that gambling-house, for I was in such a hurry to get away that I didn't take notice of the number of the street. A detective might be able to find it, for I can tell pretty near where it is. I have nothing to do with the house, only with Senor Lopez. He ought to be landed behind the bars for what he did to me, as well as to keep him from repeating the trick in some other way."

Bob didn't turn up for breakfast at all, and his father did not disturb him. When he appeared at the dinner table, he made up for the breakfast he missed. He told his mother that he was out very late, but did not tell her anything that had happened to him. After dinner he went to police headquarters and made his complaint against Senor Lopez, furnishing his description, and such other particulars as were necessary. A detective was sent out to look for the man, and Bob went home.

CHAPTER XII.—Bob Catches on to Another Tip.

Bob appeared in Wall Street next morning at half-past nine and went to the little bank to continue his speculative career.

H. & G. had dropped somewhat from its high standing which the syndicate had boosted it into, and was slowly sinking back to its former level. There was nothing to do but watch the black-board, and talk to several of the customers of the house. When he got home he found a letter had arrived from the secretary of El Cortez Silver Mining Co. It was in English, on the lithographed paper of the company, and was signed by Remulo Pacheco. The secretary, after saying he had no knowledge of the first letter written by Bob proceeded to inform him that the report he had seen concerning the discovery of a rich silver vein in the mine was correct. He said the mine had been a disappointment up to the moment when the discovery was made, since which time it had jumped into popular favor in the district. The stock which heretofore had been a drug on the market at ten cents, Mexican standard, had jumped to \$1, with every prospect of going higher. He requested Bob to send on his certificates by express to have them transferred to his name on the company's books, when new certificates would be forwarded to him. If Bob wanted to sell any or all of his stock at the market price he could guarantee him \$1 Mexican, a share, which would be \$10,000 and something over in American money. The secretary concluded by saying that the company was about to get out a new issue of stock, to be sold at the market price, for the purpose of raising needed money for the purpose of new machinery, and the erection of a smelter on the ground. A portion of this new stock would be offered for sale in the United States.

The letter was highly satisfactory to Bob. He now had definite and authoritative information about the mine. He saw he had made a good thing by buying the 10,000 shares from Broker Epstein. What he gave \$10 for now had a market value in Mexico of \$5,000, American money. Such a bargain had probably never been secured in Wall street before, and if a reporter got hold of the story it certainly would be published. Next day he called on Broker Fink and showed him the letter. Fink told him that he had phenomenal luck.

"That deal you made with Epstein is bound to come out, and then he'll be the most disgusted man in the Street," he said. "Did you get a receipt from Epstein for the \$10, stating what you bought for it?"

"No."

"Then I advise you to do it right away. It will be well for you to have some evidence that the transfer of the stock was a bona-fide one, involving a financial consideration, otherwise Epstein, who is certain to be much put out when he learns how you got the better of him, might give you considerable trouble. He might assert that he never sold you the shares for \$10, on the ground that the price was ridiculously low, though at the time you made the deal with him the stock had no salable value in this country, and hasn't at

this moment for that matter. Be sure and date the receipt on the day you did business with him."

"I shall follow your advice, but I'll have to think up some excuse for asking him for the receipt at this time," said Bob.

"Tell him you are going to sell the stock if you can, and you want evidence to show that you have the right to do it. It's rather a fishy excuse when the certificates involved are supposed to be worthless, but still you have the right to a receipt for the money you paid him," said Fink.

When Bob left Fink's office he took his bundle of certificates, which he had already addressed to the secretary of El Cortez Silver Mining Co., at Chihuahua, to the Broadway office of a large express company, insured them for \$10,000, and sent them to their destination, with instructions to get new certificates for them. Then he called at Epstein's office. He had made out a receipt for the \$10, stating that it represented the purchase price for 10,000 shares of El Cortez Silver Mining Stock. He asked the broker to sign it.

"What shall I sign that for?" said the broker. "You've got the stock, haven't you?"

"Yes; and you've got my \$10, haven't you?" said Bob. "Well, I've got to show what I spent that money for."

The broker grinned.

"Who have you got to account to for it; your parents?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Epstein. Just put your John Hancock to that receipt, and you will probably save me some trouble."

"Oh, if it's as bad as that I'll sign it. I suppose your people think you got those certificates for nothing and are trying to make \$10 on them."

He signed the receipt and handed it to Bob.

"Thank you, sir. Now, I'll tell you the reason I wanted it. Since I bought that dead stock from you, I heard that the mine is not so dead as we both supposed."

"Eh?" exclaimed Epstein, pricking up his ears.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I will be able to sell that stock on the Curb some day at a considerable profit."

"What are you trying to give me, young man?"

"I'm giving you my idea on the subject. I told you that my late boss, Mr. Hutchings, made me a present of 10,000 shares of that stock for nothing. He said it had no present value, but he thought it might acquire a value some time in the future."

"He told you that?" grinned Epstein.

"Yes. Mr. Hutchings had a long head. He thought there would be an unexpected discovery of ore."

The broker grinned more broadly, as if he thought that a good joke.

"Now I looked the mine up and found that it was situated in the silver district of El Madre mountain range. There are productive mines all around it. Under such circumstances, why shouldn't there be silver in it as well as in the others?"

"There was silver in it once, but it has been worked out these fifty years."

"Well, the company that was formed to reopen it, and which issued that stock you sold me, wouldn't have come into existence if the promoters didn't have reason for believing there was some silver in the old mine still."

Epstein grinned again.

"Young man you have a lot to learn about the mining business. Companies are often formed and exploited merely for the purpose of selling stock to gudgeons. The money received from the sale of such stock is not sunk in a dead mine but is used to enrich the promoters. The officers get the money, and the outside stockholders get the experience."

"That often happens, I admit; but in this case if those shares you sold me for \$10 should some day bring me in \$10,000, I'd have the money and you'd have the experience, isn't that so?"

"As the case stands, however, I think I have the money and you have the experience," grinned Epstein.

"I disagree with you. It is my opinion that I made a good thing out of you when I bought those certificates for \$10."

The broker laughed.

"If those certificates ever get a market value, bring them back to me and I'll buy them back—perhaps."

Mr. Epstein turned to his desk, which was a signal that the interview was over, whereupon Bob said good-day, and took his leave. That day an idea occurred to Bob. When he went home he wrote a letter to the secretary of El Cortez Silver Mining Co., telling him that he had forwarded the certificates in accordance with his request. Then he said that he was contemplating opening a brokerage office in Wall street; and he thought it might be of advantage to the company to have a New York representative. If the company thought well of his suggestion, he would undertake to market a certain amount of the new shares to be issued for a commission to be decided on between them. He would in that case put the company's name on his office door, and act as transfer agent in Wall street.

"If I get a favorable reply to that I'll rent an office, and hang out my shingle," said Bob, as he sealed the letter and addressed it. "'Robert Barton, Stocks and Bonds,' would look very well on the upper glass half of a door. I should then begin to consider myself a person of some importance in Wall street."

Next day Bob found out by accident that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom L. & M. shares. He considered the information reliable enough for him to put up \$5,000 of his little capital on 500 shares at \$10 at the little bank. He realized that he was taking a big risk, for he had only \$1,300 left to meet a call for additional margin in case the price took a big drop. As the stock was a good one, he didn't believe it was likely to go down low enough to wipe him out. Still such a thing was always likely to happen. It was just such slips that wiped out so many small speculators. To speculate successfully one should always have capital enough to meet any emergency. Bob should not have taken chances on over 300 shares. It was because he put confidence in his tip that he could take long chances. The nervy speculator very often succeeds where another, with more caution, is not so successful.

Bob had plenty of time to watch his deal, and he frequented the little bank every day, and remained there during the five hours the Stock Exchange was in session so as to keep in touch with

the pulse of the market. Several days had now passed since his adventure in the gambling house, and the police had not succeeded in catching Lopez, nor, to his knowledge, had they found and raided the gaming establishment. The Mexican had judged it prudent to keep out of sight, and Bob hoped he had seen the last of him. A week elapsed and L. & M., after dropping three points from the price at which Bob had purchased his shares, recovered and went up to 92. As every point rise meant a gain of \$500 for the young speculator, Bob was at this point \$1,000 ahead of the game.

CHAPTER XIII.—Bob Opens An Office In Wall Street.

Returning home one afternoon well pleased with the prospect ahead, he found another letter from the secretary of El Cortez Mining Co. awaiting him. An express package containing the new certificates that had been issued to him, with his name on them, had also been delivered at his house. The secretary acknowledged the receipt of his second letter and said that his proposition to act as the company's Wall street agent was favorably considered by the president and directors, and that as soon as he advised the company that he had opened his office, arrangements would be entered into with him. That suited Bob first rate, but he did not intend to make any move toward renting an office until he had closed out the deal he was now engaged in. He did not have long to wait, for on Wednesday of the following week, L. & M., after advancing slowly to 95, took a sudden jump to par. Bob took that as indication that the boom had started, and he got ready to sell at short notice. On Thursday the price went to 106 and a fraction. The young speculator concluded to take no further chances, although the stock seemed likely to go higher. As a matter of fact it did go higher, but Bob sold out at once realizing a profit of a little over \$8,000.

With a capital of \$14,000 odd, he started to find a small office for himself. It was not so hard to find single rooms as the customary suites of two, three or more rooms that people with an established business had to have; but even a small room in a sky-scraper cost good money, more, in fact, than Bob felt he could afford to pay. Accordingly he looked around among the smaller office buildings on Wall street and found a room that suited him, and which he was able to get at a reasonable rent. Signing the lease up to the coming May, and paying down the first month's rent, Bob proceeded to furnish his room with a desk, a rug, a small table, several chairs, a second-hand safe, and such other articles as he considered indispensable. He had a ticker installed, and the building furnished telephone service. A painter put his name on the door, "Bob Barton, Stocks and Bonds." He bought a few necessary books, and ordered cards, letter headings, and some other small printing, which was duly delivered. As soon as everything was in shape, he wrote to the secretary of El Cortez Mining Co. that he was ready to make arrangements with the company.

The advent of a new tenant, who appeared to

be a broker, in the building attracted some attention, and the other tenants wondered who the new party was. Some of them caught sight of Bob going in and out and concluded that he was a junior clerk who combined with his other work the duties of messenger. One morning two clerks came along just as Bob was opening up, and they stopped, one of them saying "Hello! Who's the new broker?"

"Want to know real bad?" asked Bob.

"It's no particular interest to us, but I guess our boss is curious on the subject," replied the clerk.

"Then tell your boss to come in and introduce himself."

"You've got a mighty small office for your business," said the clerk.

"It's large enough for the present," answered Bob.

"Which means that your boss isn't doing much business, eh? Are you the whole clerical force?"

"Yes, I'm the whole shooting-match."

"Where did your boss come from? Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Goldfield or Hoboken?"

"My boss! I haven't got one."

"You haven't got one! What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said. I am my own boss."

"How?"

"My name is Bob Barton, and this is my office."

"Oh, come now, do you expect us to believe that you're a broker?"

"It's a matter of indifference to me whether you believe it or not."

The clerks looked at each other.

"What kind of a game are you trying to hard us out?" said the spokesman.

"As you seem to doubt my statements, we are only wasting time standing here. I've got something better to do. Good morning."

Bob passed into his office and shut the door.

"He's a fresh lobster. Come on," said the clerk who had been doing the talking, and the two clerks walked on to their own office.

That afternoon Will came in after five, Bob waiting for him by arrangement.

"Say, you're going some," said Will, taking in the room, "You must be making money on the market."

"I haven't lost any yet."

"Expect to build up a business?"

"Yes."

"It will take you some time, I guess."

"I've got lots of time ahead of me."

"You may have money enough to run the risk, but how about the knowledge and experience?"

"I'm not losing any sleep on that score."

"Well, you certainly have a good supply of nerve."

"Yes, I guess I have my share of it. A fellow needs plenty of it in Wall street, and a good supply of ginger."

"If you don't succeed it won't be for lack of trying. You'd stand a much better show if you were a bit older. You look awfully young to pose as a broker."

"That isn't my fault! There are a good many old codgers in the Street who would like to be as young as me. A fellow can't be young but once, and he ought to make the most of it. If you

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know where you can find \$15,000 I'll take you in with me. I wouldn't make that offer to everybody."

"You are safe in making it to me. I couldn't find \$1,500, let alone \$15,000. By the way, do you know that Parsons was bounced out of his job?"

"No. Is that so? I can't say I'm surprised. You know I told you I saw him in that Jersey City private gambling house. He had a roll of the firm's money, and stood every chance of losing it. Did you hear why he was fired?"

"No, but it was undoubtedly for cause. Are you still hanging on to your mining stock the Mexican was so eager to get away from you?"

"I am."

"You say it's worth a dollar a share in Mexico?"

"So the secretary of the company informed me, but a Mexican dollar, you know, isn't worth more than fifty-three or four cents."

"No matter what it's worth, you are away ahead on the stock. The old trader's legacy has turned up trumps for you."

"It represents \$5,000 at this moment, and the other bunch of El Cortez I got for a \$10 note is worth as much."

"You got it from Epstein?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of anything getting away from him before. He'll be a wild man when he learns how you turned the trick on him."

"He wasn't asleep when he let me have the stock. He was glad to get it out of his office at any price. He regarded those certificates as so much waste paper. In any event, he isn't out by the transaction. The stock didn't belong to him but to a customer who has long since forgotten about them."

"Nevertheless he'll have a fit over the matter."

"That isn't my funeral. My mother has said more than once if you keep a thing long enough you'll find use for it. On that principle it sometimes pays to hold on to dead mining shares."

"It has in this case. Do you think there is any more of the stock in Wall street?"

"If I knew where I could find any I'd try and buy it."

"For old paper?" grinned Will.

"For the lowest price the owner would take. That's business. The right way to deal in all stocks is to buy as low as you can and sell as high as you can."

Bob shut up his desk and said he guessed he'd go home, so the boys left the office together. Next day Bob took a flyer on C. & B. because it looked active. He bought 700 shares at 82½. Two days later he sold it at 83%, making \$700 profit. On the following morning he received a letter from Chihuahua which contained his official appointment as Wall street representative of El Cortez mine. He was told that he would be expected to try and work off 50,000 shares of the new issue of stock at a figure approximating the Chihuahuan market rate. A transfer book and a sufficient quantity of certificates signed in blank by the proper officers would be forwarded to him shortly.

In the meantime he could try and manufacture a market for the stock by giving out the enclosed facts to the newspapers and taking any other

means he saw fit to arouse public interest in the mine. The secretary mentioned the commission the company would allow him on all stock he sold, which he was to deduct from the money received by him. The commission was large enough to meet the expense of a reasonable amount of advertising. The documents sent him embraced a history of the mine, a sworn statement of the assays made of specimens submitted of the ore discovered, and other facts of importance. They were printed in Spanish, but a written translation accompanied them.

Bob prepared a statement, which he had type-written in manifold, and he mailed it to all the daily papers of importance, and all the financial journals for them to publish if they saw fit to do so. He sent for a sign painter to place the following on his door:

"Office of El Cortez Silver Mining Company, of Chihuahua, Mexico."

He got out a circular embodying all the facts sent to the papers, and stating that El Cortez stock would shortly be offered at fifty cents a share at the company's New York office, Room 236 Hancock Building, Wall street. He mailed these to all the Curb brokers. He also inserted the following advertisement in several Wall street papers:

"Robert Barton, Stocks and Bonds. New York office of El Cortez Silver Mining Company, of Chihuahua, Mexico. Room 236 Hancock Building, Wall street. We will be pleased to furnish information about any staple mining property in Mexico. Mexican mining shares dealt in. Also Western mining stocks. Railroad, Industrial and Government securities bought and sold on commission."

He forwarded a copy of his advertisement and printed matter to the secretary of El Cortez Co. to show him that he was in the game for all it was worth.

CHAPTER XIV.—Bob Has a Run-in With Broker Epstein.

On the following morning about eleven o'clock, while Bob was seated at his desk reading the financial news, the door opened and Broker Epstein came in. He didn't knock.

"Good morning, Mr. Epstein," said Bob politely. "Make yourself at home."

"Huh!" snorted the trader. "So you've got an office, have you?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Look here," said the broker, flourishing the circular he had received from Bob in the morning's mail under the boy's nose, "what does this tomfool thing mean? What do you mean by advertising that you are the New York agent of a wild-cat Mexican mining company, and stating that stock of this company will be offered at 50 cents a share? What is all this? Publishing a lot of bogus statements about the mine, indicating that a rich vein of silver ore has been found in it, and following with assayers' state-

ments to prove how rich it is? Don't you know that this will get you into all kinds of trouble? Is this the little scheme you had in view when you bought those certificates from me for next to nothing?"

"Dear me, Mr. Epstein, why don't you put one question at a time? How do you expect me to remember and answer so many? However, I will do my best. Sit down and curb your excitement."

"You've got a nerve to call yourself a broker," said Epstein, sitting down and glaring at Bob.

"I think I have a right to start out for myself if I can. Everybody is entitled to a fair show in this world, whether in Wall Street or elsewhere."

"Bah! Do you think Wall Street is a brokers' kindergarten?"

"No, sir. There's nothing of the kindergarten about this office. Everything about it indicates real business. But to answer your questions. You asked me first what this circular of mine means. In reply I will say that it means just what it says. El Cortez Silver Mining Company is not a wild-cat concern but a real company which owns a real mine. The company has been working that mine, as the circular states, at a loss for five years, but on the date specified a rich vein of silver was uncovered in a new tunnel that was being driven into the base of Los Pintos mountain. This discovery naturally was very gratifying to the promoters who had sunk a considerable amount of their own money, as well as all they realized from sales of the stock in their persistent fight for success. The assayers' statements are copies of bona-fide sworn ones in the company's possession, and when published in the Mexican papers, in connection with the report of the ore discovery, caused the price of the stock to jump from nothing up to a dollar a share, in Mexican money. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. In reply to your last question, I will say that when I bought the stock from you I had but an imperfect and hazy idea of all this matter. I bought it on the strength of a translated paragraph from a Mexican paper, stating that silver had been found in the El Cortez mine. You know yourself that such newspaper accounts are not always to be depended on. I took a cheap chance and have won out."

"Do you mean to tell me that El Cortez stock has an actual value?"

"It has now, in Mexico. I'm not sure that I could sell a single share of it here if I offered it at present, but I think I'll be able to sell a lot of it after a while. It is going at over \$1 a share today in Mexico, which means it is worth every cent of 50 cents here."

"If I find that to be a fact I shall demand of you the return of those 10,000 shares," said Epstein.

"Your demand will not be honored. You sold the stock to get rid of it. The fact that it has jumped many thousand percent in value does not impress me in the least." "I want you recovering it."

"Then I'll see you for it," cried the broker furiously. "I'll file the claim of the company against you, and it will be presented, and that your obligation to deliver full payment and cancel that your claim on it be taken out and that you be forced to forward it to me."

"All right, Mr. Epstein. I'll do that. I'll file that claim, so I protest again, I'm giving that receipt from you, which is perfectly valid evi-

dence that you made a bona-fide sale of the stock to me. I have furnished the secretary of El Cortez Mining Co. with a statement of how I acquired both blocks of the stock, and sent a photograph of Mr. Hutchings' transfer and also of your receipt. If you think you can beat me, go ahead and try," said Bob.

Broker Epstein was staggered by the cool way in which Bob presented his side of the case. But he didn't give up the ship.

"Look here, I'll compromise the matter with you for \$1,000. That will give you \$4,000 profit according to your statement," said Epstein.

"No, sir. I wouldn't compromise the matter for a single dollar. A deal is a deal and I'm not going to reopen it. If you had sold that stock to another broker on the same terms you wouldn't have thought of going to him and making a protest. I have just the same rights as any broker, and I shall maintain them. If you choose to sue me, do it. I've got money enough to protect my interests."

Broker Epstein, finding that he was having the worst of the argument with Bob, got up, said he intended to see his lawyer right away, and left. The Bob put on his hat and went down to Fink's office to tell him about the interview he had just had with Epstein. Bob had a number of visitors that day—all brokers who wanted to learn the particulars about El Cortez—that is, they wanted some better evidence than the circular itself. Bob showed them the confirmatory letters he had received from the company's secretary, and other documents bearing on the subject.

They went away satisfied that El Cortez had come to life, as dead mines had been occasionally known to do before. In a day or two letters began to arrive from a number of people asking about El Cortez and its mining properties. Bob forwarded each of them a circular, and promised the other information later. He wrote to the secretary of El Cortez Co., telling him that he was receiving queries about Mexican mines in general, and wished to be able to answer such questions right off the reel, so he would like to have some statistics on the subject.

The secretary sent him a lot of mining statistics, printed in Spanish, which would necessitate him consulting a translator to pick out and write down whatever he wanted to know. In the meantime Bob noticed indications in the financial papers that copper stocks were likely to advance in price for reasons given. So much was said about the encouraging outlook for Idaho Copper, which was selling for \$5 a share, that Bob bought 1,500 shares of it outright. In a few days everything in the copper line began to advance. Idaho gradually went to \$8 a share, where it came to anchor. Then Bob sold out and added \$4,500 to his capital.

CHAPTER XV.—CONT'D.

Shortly after the end of his interview with Bob, a letter from Gandy came to him. It was addressed to him personally, and was signed with his name. The letter was as follows: "Dear Sir—Enclosed herewith is a copy of the circular I sent you the other day, and a copy of the next day's paper containing his arrangements. With the help of this statement and other information

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in hand, he wrote out an advertisement and inserted it in three of the Sunday dailies.

He offered the stock for sale at 50 cents cash, or 60 cents on the installment plan of ten cents a month. In the latter case the certificates would not be delivered until the last payment had been made. He sent another circular letter to the Curb brokers announcing that El Cortez stock was on tap at his office, where brokers receiving orders for it could send and get it on payment of the price.

His first advertisement brought him orders for 5,000 shares, and he repeated the advertisement on the following Sunday. In the course of three weeks he sold half of the allotment and sent the net proceeds to the company. One day a red-whiskered man with a sandy complexion came in his office and introduced himself as Harvey Birch. He said he hailed from the West and owned a controlling interest in a gold and silver mine called the Punchinello. He claimed that the mine was a winner, but owing to lack of funds he and his partner could do nothing with it. He showed Bob a number of rich ore samples, and an assayer's certificate. Then he got down to business. He wanted Bob to assume the role of promoter for the mine.

"You, me and my pard will meet in your office, form a company, and elect ourselves the officers," he said. "You will advance the money to pay for a dozen or two blank certificates with the name Punchinello printed on it. We'll sign them, and then you advertise the stock and offer it for sale. You will keep a quarter of the money for your trouble, and me and my pard will take the rest West and develop the mine with it. How does that strike you?"

"It doesn't strike me at all," replied Bob. "I'm not in the promotion business. I know nothing about your mine except what you have told me, and that's no real evidence at all. The specimens you have shown me are so good that I wonder you can't find a dozen mining capitalists West who would be glad to go in with you and work your property or who would organize a leasing company to develop it on favorable terms."

The visitor said he and his partner had been approached by capitalists, but the moneyed men would not touch the mine without getting the controlling interest and that he didn't propose to give up.

"Well you know your business. At any rate you can't do any business with me. I have to look after my Mexican interests."

Mr. Birch looked disappointed, and after some more unproductive talk took his leave. Bob went out shortly afterward and saw his late visitor talking to Mr. Epstein. He passed close enough to them to hear Epstein say:

"So he wouldn't bite, eh?"

"I should say not," answered Birch. "If you take him for a fool you're entirely wrong in your estimate of him. You'd better think up something else."

That was enough to convince Bob that Epstein had tried to spring a game on him, which, of course, had failed. He chuckled to think that the trader had only fooled himself. When he got back to his office he found several letters on the floor that had been delivered by the postman. One of them was from a man who signed himself Ed-

ward Smith, asked him to call at his room in a house on the East side with certain particulars about El Cortez mine, as he had an idea of buying 1,000 shares. Bob had no intention of obliging him or anybody else making such a request. If the man wanted the stock he must call at his office and get the particulars there. One thing that attracted Bob's notice was that the letter was written in a foreign hand that looked familiar to him.

"Where have I seen that writing before?" he asked himself.

Then he recollects the letter written by Lopez he had found in the pocketbook on board the ferryboat.

"I'll bet that rascal wrote it under the name of Smith, and it is a trap to get me to his room," he thought.

After some thought he decided to call on Smith and take a detective with him. He called at police headquarters and told the officer he saw about the letter and that he believed it was written by Manuel Lopez, his enemy, who was wanted by the Jersey City police.

"I want to take a detective with me, for I'm certain it's a trap to catch me. If the man is Lopez, it's a good chance to arrest him," said Bob.

An officer was detailed to accompany him. When he reached the house he asked for Smith and was told he occupied the back room on the third floor and was in. Bob and the detective went up together. The latter stood aside while Bob knocked.

"Come in," said a voice.

Bob walked in and found himself face to face with Lopez and another strange Mexican.

"Glad to see you, Senor Barton," said the rascal, seizing him, while the other man locked the door.

Bob freed one arm and smashed Lopez in the face, knocking him backward. Then he drew his revolver, and covering the men, backed up to the door and opened it.

"Come in," he said to the officer. "There's your man. Arrest him."

Lopez tried to make his escape but was quickly handcuffed to his confederate. The pair were then marched to headquarters. Lopez was afterwards taken to Jersey City, subsequently tried for abduction and sent to the State prison. Before he reached that end, Bob had sold every share of El Cortez stock sent him by the company, and established a good reputation with the officers.

In the course of some months the output from the mine was so good that the price went up to \$2 a share in Mexico. Bob got the stock listed on the Curb, and it was dealt in right along at from \$1 to \$1.25 a share. At the next election of the stockholders of the mining company, Bob secured proxies from most of the American shareholders, and visiting Chihuahua voted them with his own 20,000 shares and had himself elected a director. Subsequently, when the directors met, he was elected second vice-president. Thus he secured a voice in the affairs of the now prosperous mine which had come to him as the old trader's legacy.

Next week's issue will contain "A MILLION IN DIAMONDS; OR, THE TREASURE OF THE HIDDEN VALLEY."

CURRENT NEWS

WHISKY 4 CENTS A DRINK.

Good whisky was quoted in Philadelphia February 26 at a little more than 4 cents a drink. A barrel of it could be bought for \$120 and a gallon for \$3. Pure alcohol brought 40 cents a gallon.

Judge J. Whitaker Thompson, in Federal District Court, fixed the price in an order to Leo A. Cullen, Supervising Prohibition Agent, ordering him to sell seven barrels of whisky and seven of alcohol, confiscated in transit from owners who pleaded guilty to violation of the prohibition law and had been fined. It was allotted to hospitals in Philadelphia, Norristown and Reading.

TO EXTERMINATE SQUIRRELS.

The extermination of ground squirrels from about 209,000 acres of Government land was one of the achievements of the U. S. Biological Survey during the last fiscal year. Of this area about 50,000 acres are on the Fort Totten Indian reservation in North Dakota, and the rest mainly on the Modoc, California, and Sequoia National forests. In North Dakota, where the work has been carried on in co-operation with the State experiment station, no less than five-eighths of a ton of strychnine has been used in the northern part of the State, seven counties having been systematically covered with poison.

THE SWISS LAKES DISGORGE RELICS.

The recent drought in Switzerland has lowered the lakes so much that archaeologists are having a great opportunity to examine the old lacustrine or pile dwellings which date back to the Stone Age. Old pottery is being discovered in two lake dwellings revealed on the shores of Lake Neuchatel, says a cablegram to the New York Times, and hundreds of piles in perfect preservation and on which these dwellings originally rested are now clearly visible. Many persons have volunteered help for excavating the remains of these ancient dwellings, which, according to Dr. Kellerchief, the Swiss authority on the subject, ceased to be inhabited about the first century of the Christian era. Numerous boats, which apparently were wrecked and sunk in past times, are now visible.

THOUGHT HE HAD MURDER CASE.

Dr. Paul H. Robison, deputy coroner of Indianapolis, was recently on the trail of a regular murderer. The coroner's office was notified by Bert D. Witte, a farmer living near Stop 5, on the Indianapolis interurban trolley line, that a box containing a body had been found by George A. Bush, another farmer of the vicinity.

Robison made a hurried trip to the woods where the body was supposed to be and found an opening for a cabin. Two handkerchiefs and parts of an automobile circuit breaker, the latter where the body was buried, and Dr. Robison had a dozen of valuable clues to the murder.

He found the box described by Bush and an investigation brought to light some bones wrapped in an old blanket. The bones resembled those of a young child, but a careful investiga-

tion disclosed the skull of a collie dog, spoiling the murder theory completely.

HOW TO DRIVE A SCREW INTO A STONE WALL.

Housekeepers who live in houses with concrete, brick or stone walls usually find it very difficult to hang pictures or brackets in their rooms even when they have succeeded in drilling or chiseling a hole in the concrete or brick, writes E. J. Holmes in the Popular Science Monthly. Neither nails nor screws will hold in these holes, which necessarily must be made quite large.

Electricians who are called upon to attach electric-light fixtures to such walls usually drill holes, fill them with lead and fasten the screws in the lead. Sometimes they use what is called expansion sleeves, which are so designed that the screw, as it is screwed into the sleeve, causes the part of the sleeve furthest away from the surface to expand, thus taking firm hold of the surrounding concrete or brick.

All housekeepers who are not expert electrical workers should try steel wool, such as is used for scouring metal surfaces. This furnishes an excellent substitute for lead filling or expansion sleeves. The hole should be drilled to the depth of at least 1 inch and wide enough to hold a sufficiently large screw. Then place a nail of steel wool in the hole and drive your screw through the wool into the hole. You will find it impossible to pull a screw fastened in this manner out of the hole with your hands.

WHAT IS DRY ROT?

The term "dry rot," the Forest Products Laboratory finds, is applied by many persons to any decay which is found in wood in a comparatively dry situation. Thus loosely used the term actually includes all decay in wood, since wood kept sufficiently wet cannot decay.

In the more limited sense in which pathologists use the term, "dry rot" applies only to the work of a certain house fungus called Merulius lachrymans. This fungus gains its distinction from the fact that it is frequently found growing in timbers without any apparent moisture supply; in reality it does not grow without moisture and is as powerless as any other fungus to infect thoroughly dry wood. Given moist wood in which to germinate, it is able to make its way a surprisingly long distance in dry timbers, drawing the water it needs from the moist wood through a conduit system of slender, minutely porous strands. Wood in the typical advanced stage of dry rot is shrunken, yellow to brown in color, and filled with radial and longitudinal shrinkage cracks, roughly forming cubes. In many instances these cracks are filled with a white felty mass, the interwoven strands of the fungus.

The dry rot fungus is active in nearly every region of this country, in Canada, and in Europe. It is destructive to timbers and logs in storage. Soft woods are more commonly infected by it than hard woods.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

— OR —

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VI.

Why the Winslow Case Was Halted—Drake Promises Sniffen to Get Law Out of Way.

Upstairs saw the young lawyer and soon had the offer forced on his spirit. John Scribner was lifted by carelessness, the door to his private office and laid on a bench, and a trial date was set for him to stand at or before a jury and pronounced to convey him home. Then he started to cry, and held out the hand of protest, relating to the Winslow case.

"Do the best you can," he said.

"Do you mean that I shall try the case?" demanded the astonished young man, for the Winslow case was regarded as the biggest job in the office.

"Certainly," said his employer. "You and I are the only ones in the office who are familiar with it, and as I can't try it, and it cannot be postponed for months, well, you must try it. Anyhow, you have the power of cashiering the radicals at your command, so you will stand cover yourself with glory. I will leave word with the cashier to honor your claims for any amount of money, so go ahead and do what you think best. Defeat the conspirators and put them in jail."

"I'll try to," said Lew.

The first person Lew met when he stepped into the corridor was Mr. Sniffen, the boy standing near the door, talking with Mr. Drake.

Sniffen stopped with a frown on his face.

"This is the third, I believe?" he said.

"That is my name," answered Lew.

"I suppose you are here to see if the Winslow case will be helped?"

"That's right."

"Well, it is likely to come on in a few minutes. The first attack of two or three motions, and that cannot take more than fifteen or twenty minutes, and then we can have a break. Are you going to call Mr. Scribner in the trial of the case?"

"Mr. Scribner fell and broke his leg while on the way to court, and I am going to try the case myself."

"Oh, indeed, I am sorry to hear of Mr. Scribner's misfortune, but I have to congratulate you on the opportunity it affords you to a brilliant distinction yourself. You covered yourself with glory the other day in that Smollett case."

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," politely said Lew, and then walked away to speak to the clerk of the court.

"He acts in a very friendly manner," thought Lew, "and that probably means that he is meditating treachery. It will be a relief to me to have

this important case out of the way, for I think Sniffen is a villain."

Lew ascertained from the clerk that the case would not be reached for at least twenty minutes, and as the air of the courtroom was rather close, he walked out into the corridor and paced up and down.

The corridor was being decorated and otherwise undergoing alterations, and scaffoldings stood at various points for the use of the workmen.

Lew paced up and down the long hallway several times, thinking deeply over the case. He was about to try, when an idea came into his mind. He leaned up against one of the scaffoldings, drew out his notebook and began to jot down the idea.

Then he became aware of voices speaking on the other side of the mass of timbers.

Without any intention or desire of listening to what was said, Lew plainly heard the conversation, although it was carried on in low tones.

"Hello, Bill."

"Hello, yourself."

"What are you doing here?"

"Called for jury duty."

"Been here all the week?"

"Yes."

"Served on any juries?"

"Yes, several."

"Then you're likely to be called on to serve to-day?"

"I expect to be."

"Well, Bill, I think you're a man who knows the value of a dollar, and if you're on a certain case to-day and vote the right way, Bill, that it's worth not less than two hundred to you, and if the verdict is made a big one through you standing out for a substantial amount it might be a good deal more than that."

"That sounds good, and—"

At that moment the speaker's voice was interrupted by a louder sound, like steps. Lew stopped, for it was now the time for such a talker as Sniffen to appear.

"Come to the end of the corridor, Bill," said the first speaker, "where we can talk this thing over quietly."

"All right," said the other, and then Lew heard them move away from the scaffoldings and scaffolding.

The young lawyer had heard enough to satisfy his desire to see the faces of the two men. He had been talking, and quickly, but quietly, and started around the mass of boards after them.

He had just rounded the scaffoldings, and had caught a faint glimpse of one of the men, as the two were walking towards the rear of the corridor, when something hit him on the shoulder and knocked him down.

Lew was not much hurt, and felt nothing more serious than a bruised sensation in one shoulder, but when he looked for the two men they had disappeared from view.

Then Lew looked to see what had struck him, and saw a heavy pail lying on its side on the floor. It was very big, and was half filled with mortar, and the young lawyer realized that if it had struck him on the head instead of on the shoulder that he might have been badly hurt.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

A NINE-FOOT SKELETON.

On opening a mound near Greensburg, Pa., the curator of the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh, Dr. Holland, unearthed a skeleton between eight and nine feet tall. The mound was 100 feet long and more than 12 feet high. The most interesting feature in the recent excavation was the mummified torso of a human body at least 4,000 years old. The parts of the skeleton were shipped to the Carnegie Museum.

ABOUT SHAKING HANDS.

Something about a man's health may be told in the way he shakes hands. The firm, hearty handshake of a sincere man may be rather tough, so that one is taught he has a grip, but it indicates stamina. While denoting absence of tact and refinement, it points to physical strength. The flabby hand that returns no pressure belongs to the person who has no great strength of body nor mind. The quick, nervous temperament, and its opposite, the nerveless, passive one, belong to persons in ill health. The hand that threatens to collapse means fear. The feel of the hand called magnetism indicates health and kindness, and a desire to help others.

PERMANENT SPRINKLING.

It is possible many of our readers have wondered at the appearance of the tracks at the subway stations in New York City. There is usually a realistic Christmas snow on the tracks, but the Interborough Company has a method in this artificial snow system. The road-bed around each station is spread with calcium chloride which has a peculiar property of drawing moisture out of the air and turning gradually from a white powder into drops of liquid which remain in this condition for months. This serves to hold the dust and bacteria like the sprinkling of a dusty street. The hurtling of trains through the stations have little or no effect on this deposit.

GYPSIES GOT HIS MONEY.

Annie Judge and Maria Yonko, young gypsies, were held in \$3,000 each by Magistrate Douras the other day, after he had listened to the story of Antonio de Petro, barber, of No. 10 Union Square, New York. The young women are charged with grand larceny.

Antonio said:

"These two women came into my place and told me to put all my money, \$180, in my right hand. One of them started to read the palm of my right hand. I fell into a trance. Before I knew it the women were leaving the store. I counted my money. There was \$50 missing."

The women were arrested as they left the barber shop by Detective Stanley. He said he had arrested them several times before, but in each instance the complainant had refused to appear against them.

He said the missing \$50 was in Maria's hand when he searched her.

WILL SERVE SIX DAYS AND GET \$21,000 PAY.

John R. Farr, Republican, of Scranton, Pa., took his seat in the House February 26, as representative of the Tenth Pennsylvania District, as the result of action by the House last night in voting to unseat Patrick McLane, also of Scranton, who had held his seat throughout the present Congress. Mr. Farr will draw \$21,000 salary and incidental expenses for the six days he will serve in the House.

After the House voted, 161 to 121, to remove McLane the new member was immediately declared elected and was sworn in just before midnight. The proceedings against McLane were based on charges that he had violated the Corrupt Practices act, and also that there had been wholesale election frauds in his return to Congress.

The remuneration that goes with Representative Farr's six days of service results from a computation of salary and incidental allowances to cover the entire two-year period of the Congress to which the House has held him to have been rightfully elected. While McLane also has drawn pay for the entire two years, lacking the six days remaining of the present Congress, he is requested to make no refund, the single seat costing the Government in effect almost twice the stipulated figure.

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THE MATE'S REVENGE

By HORACE APPLETON.

"Mark twenty," sang out in sailor-like fashion the man in the chains.

The noble ship Osprey was speeding along at a rapid rate, with all sail set, while there was more than usual activity aboard, and rejoicing as well. We had laid for weeks in a breathless calm on the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. All were anxious to make the return around the Horn, finish our catch of whales, and then sail homeward bound.

I was only a boy of twelve, and no tongue can tell how I suffered from that disease they call nostagia, or in plainer terms, home sickness. Having had my youthful imagination inflamed by the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Jack Halyard, the sailor boy, and others of that class, I ran away from home, was picked up in the streets of New York by a runner and sent to New Bedford to make a whaling cruise on the Osprey as a cabin boy.

I became a great pet of the crew, who dubbed me with the name, "Skit."

"Mark twenty-five," again sang out the man in the chains.

The captain had given careful instructions to use the lead, as he knew that he was sailing in the vicinity of sunken reefs.

Thump! Bang! Crash!

Without a moment's warning, the Osprey had dashed upon the rocks, and she trembled from stem to stern, as on account of her great speed her great hull went on mounting higher and higher.

"All hands on deck," shouted Captain Osborne, a command that seemed scarce necessary under the circumstances.

The captain, second mate and mate stood upon the quarterdeck.

"Frank Martin," spoke the captain excitedly, "step aft. I wish to speak to you." The sailor ill-dressed stood in front of the crew and looked in sullen defiance at the captain. "This is no time for delay. Come aft, I say."

After some moments' hesitation Martin stepped to the foot of the ladder that led to the quarterdeck, when the captain shouted to the mate: "Put irons on him. He's made a false report of the surroundings, and run the ship on the rocks."

Just then the crew made a rush for the quarterdeck to defend their ringleader, Frank Martin, but the captain presented a brace of revolvers, and ordered the mutineers back at the peril of their lives.

"Give up your sheath knife," yelled the captain to Martin.

"I have none," said the sailor.

"You lie, you villain!"

With the spring of a tiger the sailor leaped toward the captain, and drawing a huge knife which he had concealed on his person, he plunged it into the captain's abdomen.

The latter fell prostrate on the deck, while the mates and watchman placed the irons on Frank

Martin. He was locked in the forecastle and heavily ironed.

At once a close inspection of the vessel was made, and it was found that she was leaking badly.

The mate ordered those of the crew that he could trust to come out of the forecastle and man the pumps.

So long as the sea remained calm, and by working night and day at the pumps, the vessel could just about be kept at rights.

But after several days of ineffectual attempts, and the crew worn out and exhausted, a mighty storm arose, the sky became inky black, the heavy sea rolled against and over the ship, and all hope was given up that it could be saved. As the storm increased in violence and the vessel was breaking into pieces, a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion ensued. It was a scramble for life. The crew took to the boats in haste without regard to the safety of the officers.

Down in the cabin lay Captain Osborne suffering from the wound he had received, at the hands of the treacherous sailor, Frank Martin.

From the hour that he had received the blow I had been his constant attendant, with an affection for him like that of a child for his father. Looking up at me, he said:

"Well, Skit, it looks as if we must go to Davy Jones' locker. It's blowin' great guns."

"Y-e-s, captain," I managed through my fears and tears to falteringly reply. "I'm afraid we'll never see home again."

"Where's the mate?"

"He's on the deck making a raft."

"We never could outlive such a storm on a raft. It would sweep us into the sea." Soon the mate descended into the cabin and said:

"Well, captain, we must leave the ship. We, of course, shall run great risk, but better make the attempt than go down with the vessel."

"As you think best, mate; but if I am to die without seeing the dear ones at home once more, my choice would be to go down with the Osprey."

"We must make haste, captain. There's not a moment to be lost."

And the mate picked the captain up and bore him to the deck, where he placed him on the raft that was lashed to the mast.

Then rolling a barrel of water and a box filled with provisions upon the raft, the mate was about to cut the ropes, when the captain said:

"Mate, I hear some one calling for help."

"That's the voice of your would-be murderer, Frank Martin. He's in irons in the forecastle."

"Release him and take him on the raft. It would be equivalent to murder for us to leave him bound."

"He richly deserves such a fate," muttered the mate as he hastened to the forecastle and soon returned, leading Frank to the raft, with his irons still on.

Watching the opportunity when a heavy sea broke over the vessel, the mate cut the ropes, and the raft floated out upon the crest of a huge wave. It was not a moment too soon, for before they were borne a short distance the Osprey careered over and sank into the depths between the rocks.

Four human beings out in the open sea, hundreds of miles away from land, with nothing but a frail raft to float them.

And who are its occupants?

A sick and wounded captain stretched out and laid down to save him from a watery grave; by his side in sullen silence Frank Martin, Jack Cole, the heroic mate, and myself, a timid boy.

Even as I write, with what vividness and sense of realism does that experience return to me, notwithstanding the lapse of years:

What a microcosm it was of human loves, hates and hopes!

For days the raft was tossed about like a piece of cork. There was no such thing as sleep or rest till the storm had abated.

For many days after we drifted and drifted and drifted, each scanning the sky with the hope of sighting a sail, but every sunset left us still without a sail in sight and almost without hope in the heart.

The exposure of the captain had brought on a raging fever. His wound was inflamed, and it was evident that unless rescued soon the captain could not live.

His condition seemed to soften the heart of Frank Martin, and one day he begged on his knees the captain's pardon. This change in Frank's demeanor led the mate to relax his discipline and watchfulness over him. He removed the handcuffs.

One morning, as the sun was just rising and flooding the ocean with his glorious sunbeams, the mate, who had been on his vigils most of the night was fast asleep, and I was on watch.

I saw Martin scanning the sky, and then in an instant spring to the captain's side and plunge a dagger to the latter's heart.

I screamed with alarm, which awoke the mate, who was on his feet at once. But not a moment too soon, for Frank was rushing toward him with the uplifted knife. The mate's powerful arm averted the blow. I was on my knees beseeching for I know not what. The mate snatched the knife from Frank, and by a quick, dexterous blow sent it quivering into Frank's heart.

"Die, you miserable, ungrateful wretch," exclaimed the mate as Frank's body rolled over on the raft.

"A sail! A sail!" I cried out, as not far from us was a ship in full sight.

Our signal was seen on board the Goodspeed, for such the vessel proved to be, and two of us were rescued from a living death after an exposure of forty-one days on a raft, and in the company of the most inhuman wretch that ever was born.

U. S. CONSCIENCE FUND.

There is a "barometer" that indicates accurately the conscience of the people of the United States. It is generally known as the United States Treasury Conscience Fund, Washington newspaper calling it "Uncle Sam's Confessional," while to the personnel of the Treasury Department it goes

under the name of "Moneys Received from Persons Unknown."

During 1920 the conscience "barometer" of the United States registered \$19,279.13.

The fund has been in existence 110 years, and during that time approximately \$500,000 has been contributed. In 1811, President Madison found upon his desk a letter containing \$2. of which the anonymous writer confessed he had robbed the Government. The President ordered that the amount be credited "To Account Conscience."

Like a wind fanning a small flame, the news of this contribution stirred the conscience of the people, and, for a year or two, every week brought dozens of letters from persons who hoped to stop the pricks of conscience by returning defrauded money with interest. And then, gradually, the amount of money sent in dwindled almost to nothing.

The civil war brought in this wake a wave of conscience money. While the letters were invariably anonymous, and the writers seldom explained the conditions under which the money had been stolen, a few hinted that they had defrauded the Government in the "hoss and mule" trade of the war.

Money from acts of defraudation committed during the civil war are being received even at this late time.

In years of financial depression little conscience money has been received.

During 1916 the largest single sum in the history of the fund was received—\$30,000. The sender wrote that he had so far sent the Treasury \$30,000, or four times what he had stolen.

President Cleveland received perhaps the most interesting letter that has ever come in from a remorseful defrauder of the Government. The sender a young girl, explained that once, long before, she had used a stamp which had already been employed on a letter but had not been cancelled. Thought of, her misdemeanor had never left her mind, and so, at this late date, she was sending him some stamps to take the place of the one she had fraudulently used.

Several years ago, the American Consul in London was handed a check for \$11,222.17 by a clergyman, who explained that he had received it from a member of his congregation, who was an American. The confessor had said that the money represented the amount he had once stolen from the United States Government, plus accrued interest.

Occasionally a sender of conscience money is not quite sure that Uncle Sam will receive the money he has forwarded. To satisfy his scepticism, one man, a few years ago, cut \$8,000 in halves, sending one half with the statement that as soon as he saw announcement of the receipt of this by the United States Government he would remit the other half. He received the assurance he wanted, and a few days later, the Treasury Department received the remaining half of the greenbacks.

The little information that manages to trickle through the carefully worded letters indicates that a large proportion, if not a majority, of the offences have been of smuggling.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

DIGGING FOR BANDIT GOLD.

A number of residents of Chico, Cal., are digging in the ranch of Frank Colm for \$70,000 in gold supposed to have been buried there by bandits who held up the Amalgamated Gold Dredging Company stage near by in 1863.

Two skeletons were found at a point near where the gold is believed to be hidden. Oldtime residents expressed the belief that the skeletons were those of two of the bandits who died in a fight after the holdup.

DEADLY BATTLE WITH LION.

After having killed eighteen mountain lions, Jay C. Bruce, State official lion hunter, had a narrow escape when he was forced to battle for his life after sending five bullets into a lion in Sequoia National Forest. Ord Lovern of Lemon Cove rushed to Bruce's aid, hurled a stone at the animal and Bruce put a final bullet in its brain.

Col. White, superintendent of Sequoia, and General Grant Parks, stated that the lion weighed 160 pounds and measured seven feet. Bruce brought down a lioness the same day.

A RAT ADOPTED BY A CAT.

In her recently published book, "Wild Creatures of Garden and Hedgerow," Miss Frances Pitt states that she saw a baby rat, still blind, fat and very naked, to a cat whose litter had been reduced to one kitten, then 10 days old. To her surprise, the cat accepted this unusual foster child. "The rat," says Miss Pitt, "was cleaned, fed, fondled, tended and treated just like the kitten, along with which it was reared. Even after another family came to occupy the cat's attention, she remained on friendly terms with the rat and often paid him a visit. The cat in question had been a good ratter, but after the adoption rattling was done with!"

PANAMA CANAL DEFENSES.

Plans have been drawn up for rendering the Panama Canal impregnable. These are addition to the existing plans for the mainland defenses

and include the placing of several of the longest range rifles on Taboga Island, which is located about fifteen miles off of the Pacific entrance. Presumably, these guns will be of the new 16-inch pattern. At the Atlantic end there will be a system of tracks designed for the heaviest railroad artillery mounts carrying guns of large calibers with a greater range than those installed on the most powerful dreadnaughts afloat. The terrain at the Atlantic entrance is well suited to this system of mobile artillery, which can be fully screened by the dense tropical growth characteristic of this locality.

LAUGHS

"Hasn't that big, lazy boy of yours got a regular position yet?" "Oh, yes, indeed." "What is it?" "Recumbent."

Daisy—Do you think, dear, you would love me any better if my hair were some other color? Tom—I don't know. What other color have you?

"I fear no foe in shiny armor," sang the man at the concert. "Don't you, old chap?" grumbled the bachelor in the front room. "Then you try and open a sardine tin with a pocket-knife!"

Sarcastic youth—Oh, yes, a hatpin—is a great weapon. Think you could open an oyster with one? Denature Malton—No, but if necessary I could puncture a lobster with it.

"Within the last decade," remarked the progressive citizen; "yoman has gained considerable standing in the business world." "Yes," rejoined the female bread-winner, "especially in the street cars."

Sandy—Why are yer runnin' so fast, pard? Cinders—Pere's a lyin' in nob beli' in me. Sandy—Dey don't want to lynch yer, do dey? Cinders—No; but dey want dis clothesline I'm wearin' as suspenders fer der rope.

Jack—Miss Fay, will you marry me? Fay—I wouldn't marry you if I was to die right then on earth! Jack—Oh, I say, that's rather bad, I— Fay—Good! How could I? Will you perform the ceremony?

"Did you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?" "Yes." "Fay is awfully funny sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch mountain lions with a lasso."

A red-headed man met a bald-headed man on the street one day. The red-headed man said to the bald-headed man: "How do you happen to have been much hair when you were young?" "Oh, yes," replied the bald-headed man, "there was plenty of hair, but it was all red, and I wouldn't have it."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

MOONSHINE MASH KILLS GOATS.

Near the lakes which supply Norfolk, Va., with water inspectors found a still with some freshly made mash and new whiskey. Near by eight goats had partaken lay deal. A warning has been issued by Health Commissioner Schenck calling attention to this decided proof of the awful power of "moonshine."

HIS PURSE RETURNED.

Dr. John F. Weathers of New Albany, Ind., has recovered a purse containing \$21 in money and his Southern Railway pass as surgeon for the ~~company~~, which he lost in a tote truck given him. When he went to his garage the next morning he found the purse, with the contents intact, on a post near the door, where it evidently had been left by some conscience-stricken persons.

153,088 NEGROES IN CITY.

The negro population of New York City at the time of the 1920 census was 153,088, an increase of 61,379, or 66.9 per cent., the Census Bureau announced to-day. The white population was 5,459,004, an increase of 789,842, or 16.9 per cent., and all other, 7,956.

Negroes in Boston numbered 16,302, an increase of 2,793, or 20.6 per cent. The white totaled 730,486, an increase of 74,790, or 11.4 per cent., and all others, 1,212.

SWALLOWED WRIST WATCH.

Sadie Noel, sixteen-year-old school-girl of Crooksville, O., placed her wrist watch in her mouth the other night when she started to help her mother wash dishes. She coughed and the watch went down her throat.

Physicians ordered her brought to a Zanesville hospital, where an operation was performed after X-ray photographs revealed the timepiece wedged in her stomach. The watch, which was still running when recovered, is about the size of a quarter.

SQUAWS ON WAR PATH.

Indian women of the Penobscot tribe recently started on the war path to obtain the right to vote in tribal elections and share in the conduct of reservation affairs.

Already some forty-four Indian squaws have nailed the suffrage colors to the figurative totem pole with the assertion that a grand lady Sachem would make a wiser chief than any brave that ever wove a basket or built a canoe.

The other night the new women of an ancient people began rejoicing when they received a ruling from Attorney-General Shaw that they could not sue the State of Maine, for the State would not let them vote. It said that女人的 suffrage was entirely a matter for domestic adjustment. The ruling was in answer to a letter written by Mrs. Peter Nicolai of Portland, Me.

U. S. REVENUE FROM SEALS.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries during January certified to the disbursing clerk of the Department of Commerce as available for deposit in the United States Treasury, to be credited to the account of "Miscellaneous Receipts," the sums of \$827,247.13 and \$197,639.68, total \$1,024,886.81, representing the net proceeds of sales of Alaska fur-seal skins in 1920.

In addition to the foregoing amounts there was disbursed from the proceeds of sales of Alaska fur-seal skins in 1920 the sum of \$371,496.14, due and payable to the Government of Great Britain and Japan, in equal moieties, as their share of the quantity and value of the skins sold under the terms of the Fur-Seal Convention of 1911.

During the ten years that have elapsed since the custody of the fur-seal and fox herds of the Pribilof Islands was lodged in the bureau the net receipts accruing from the sale of the fur-seal skins and fox skins, including the last public auction on May 10, 1920, were as follows: Fur seals, \$3,978,051.31; foxes, \$331,883.35; total, \$4,309,939.66. These sums have been covered into the United States Treasury. Skins now on hand in course of preparation for sale or awaiting shipment from the Pribilof Islands number 61,197 seals and about 2,000 foxes.

HAIR NETS CROSS OCEAN THREE TIMES.

Although the traffic in human hair has not been so brisk during the past few years as formerly on account of the veering of the fashions in hair-dressing toward the extreme simplicity, still there are millions of pounds of human hair exported from China. One of the peculiar facts in connection with the trade is that often after the Chinese send the hair to us we treat it and dye it and send it back to be made up for special use, says Popular Science Monthly. This is usually true in regard to the invisible hair nets which American and European women use to keep their own locks in order on a windy day.

The hair-net business has become of great importance to the province of Shantung, which now provides practically the entire supply for the market. Thus the hair net worn by the veriest stay-at-home in America has doubtless crossed the ocean three times.

Since the abolition of the queues after the recent fall of the Manchu dynasty, long pig tails of Chinese hair are no longer readily available. The dealers are relying more and more on the combings of women, although there are men who make it a part of their business to let their hair grow to about eight inches in length and then sell it to the barber, who in turn sells it to the small trader in hair. For exporting, hair is assorted according to length and tied in bunches. Most of the exports go to England, France and the United States, where the hair is bleached with peroxide, thinned with acid and boiled in dye. It is thus rendered finer in texture and, incidentally, absolutely sanitary. The appearance of the hair is also completely changed by the process indicated.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

NEW YUKON OIL WELL

Tales of an oil well at Fort Norman which produces 1,500 barrels a day and shot oil 100 feet into the air before it was capped were brought back from Fort MacPherson by a patrol of Canadian mounted police who returned from the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Fort Norman is on the Mackenzie River, about 400 miles south of the Arctic Ocean and 500 miles east of the Alaskan border.

The information said the cap of the well was blown off ten times in the first six hours after the well was opened.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CORK

A chemical works at Bruenn-Koenigsfeld has been carrying on experiments with a view to finding a substitute for cork, says a Prague correspondent in the "Times Trade Supplement," and these have now led to tangible results. Turf treated by a special patented process furnishes a material for insulation and building purposes that is said to be, in most respects, not inferior, and in some superior, to cork. The product is reported to be equally light, firm, and sound-proof, to possess great insulating properties, and to be damp-proof.

KRUPPS GET GRANT IN CHILE

Confirmation of Berlin reports that the concession granted German industrial interests in the Province of Llanquihue by the Chilean Government are held by the Krupps, is given to the Herald of Buenos Aires. The newspaper says the Krupps will build the largest steel and munitions plants in South America, and that the work of construction will begin immediately.

There is rich timber land on the territory covered by the concession, and water rights, including irrigation projects and power plants, have been granted. It is said the Krupps plan to utilize the iron ore in the region for making machinery for ships and also to manufacture equipment for the Chilean Army, and possibly other military forces in South America.

LOOK AT THAT \$10,000 NOTE

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York the other day sent a circular to each bank in the second district, asking them to be on the watch for twenty \$10,000 Federal Reserve notes which were given in Memphis in payment for stolen Liberty bonds.

Although the circular does not so state, the stolen bonds referred to are thought to have been the property of Kean, Taylor & Co., of No. 5 Nassau street. On Nov. 30 last, two messengers of that company were held up in Brooklyn and robbed of \$466,000 in Liberty bonds. Some of the bonds were traced to Memphis, and six men and one woman in Memphis were indicted for receiving stolen property.

The circular states that the \$10,000 notes were issued by the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis.

They bear the distinctive letter H and serial numbers 8H1A to 8H20A.

WHERE PERFUMES COME FROM.

Milady America paid \$4,972,541 last year for perfumes, cosmetics and toilet preparations, a fact which has led to confused speculation by Mere Man as to what She did with them.

The real romance and adventure in the statement lies not so much in the uses to which these imports were put as where they came from—a story which is related in the following bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"The vegetable kingdom is necessarily the most fertile source of perfumes. From its flowers such as the rose and jessamine, and from its seeds, woods and barks, such as the sp.ces and sandalwood, even the most fastidious connoisseur would be able to select either some simple odor or a comple bouquet. Nor are they for perfumes alone, but for scenting soaps, cream, pomades and in making flavorings and extracts.

"Rosemary, thyme, sweet basil and marjoram are found in great profusion in Mediterranean countries, and here the chemist can distill the whole plant and not bother about picking the flowers.

"The old-fashioned lavender flowers in which our grandmother used to pack the household linen and their rich old laces grow best in France and England. A temperamental flower it might be called, too, for unless the climate, soil and altitude suit, it refuses to breathe forth its usual fragrance. Fine grades of plants are grown in the Drome region, France, at an altitude of 2,500 feet, while the flowers generally considered to have the most agreeable fragrance come from the Mitcham district of England, where the conditions of soil and altitude are decidedly different from those in France.

The rose geranium, which has such an exquisite odor, is also grown and distilled in France, but Spain, Algiers and the island of Reunion engage in the industry. Unlike the lavender, however, the perfume of the rose geranium comes from its leaves and not from the flowers.

"But the country that might well be known by its scent is Bulgaria, for its rose crop is second only to its tobacco. Over 12,500 acres of land in the provinces of Philippopolis and Stara Zagora are given over to the growth of roses from the petals of which attar of roses is distilled. In the wonderful gardens at Kazanlik, Karlovo, Kli-sura and Stara Zagora the rose bushes are grown. The fields are arranged much after the fashion of the vineyards of France and Italy, and the blossoms, dead on bushes, which have very few petals, are stripped off by delicate girls, boys and women in the early mornings of May and June.

"About 4,000 pounds of roses are produced on an acre of land, but it takes about 200 pounds of petals to produce an ounce of attar of roses, which before the war cost \$100 a pound.

ODD NOTES

At the age of 54, Mrs. E. L. Lyons of San Diego, Cal., is a great-grandmother.

The number of women students tending German universities has increased nearly fourfold during the past decade.

Children are not allowed in the streets of Norway after dark.

It is a serious offense to ride a bicycle anywhere near the city of Constantinople.

Teak, during the reign of the Burmese kings, was the royal wood, and the king had a right to all teak.

It is believed that more fish are found off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland than in any other part of the world.

If a horse ate as much as a caterpillar, in proportion to its size, it would consume a ton of hay every twenty-four hours.

The wet flat lands of Ecuador produce a vine yielding a fruit which, when dried, forms a sponge superior to those obtained from the sea.

An authority on finance, after exhaustive investigation, has discovered that in America only one rich man's son in seventeen dies rich.

A Bushel of Reading Matter



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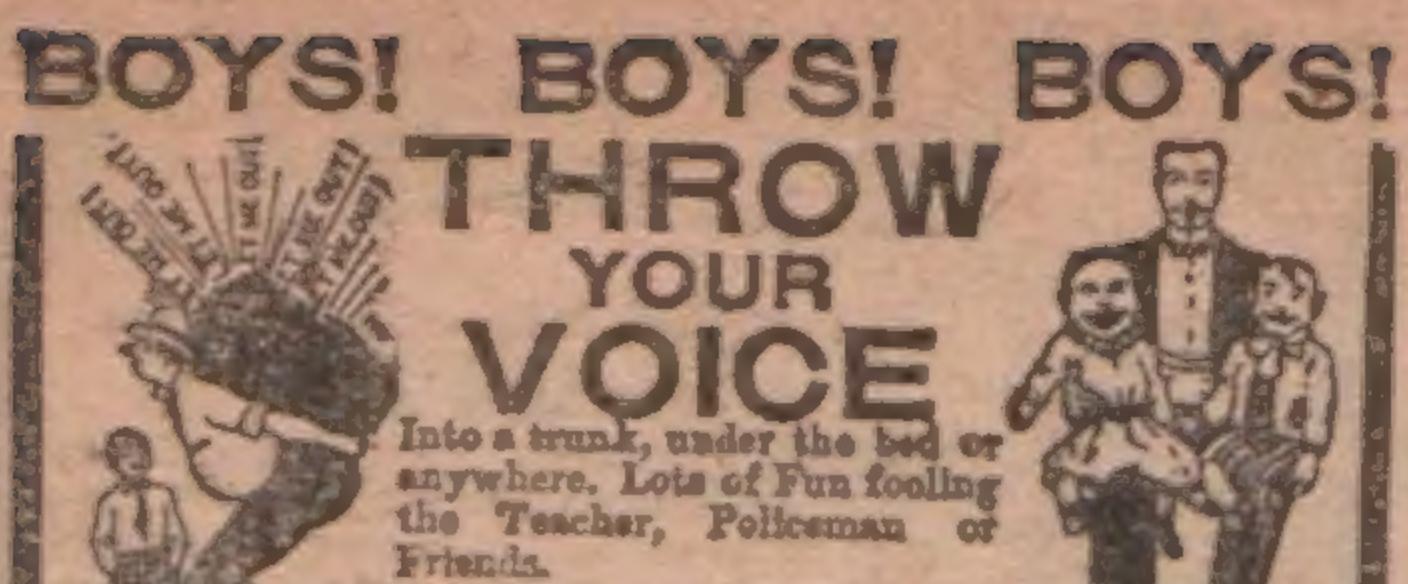
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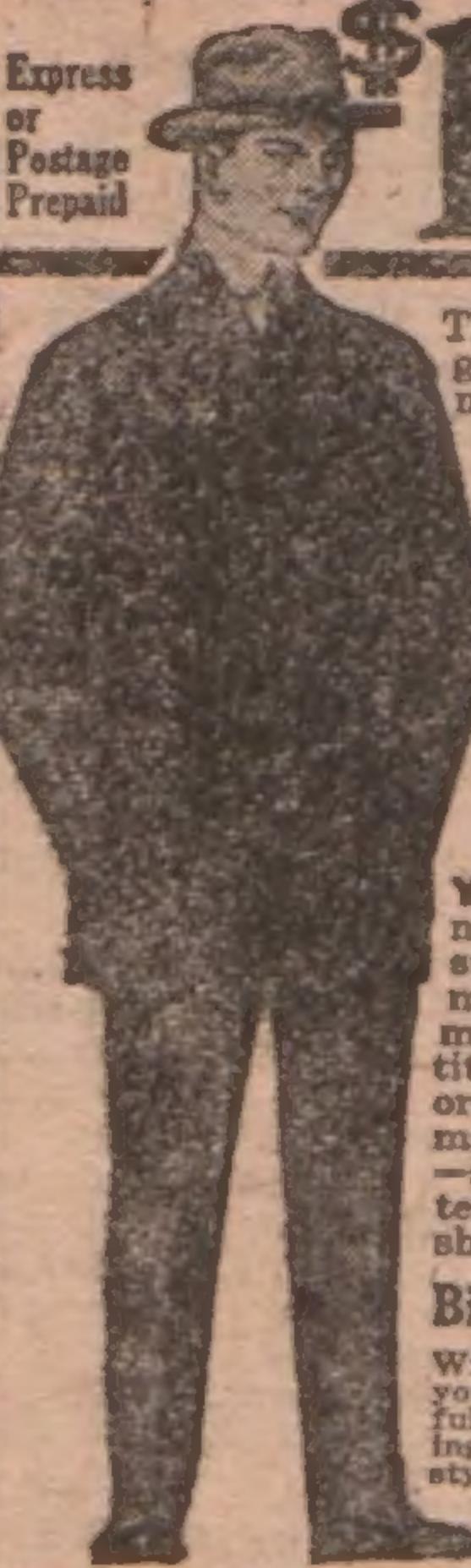
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